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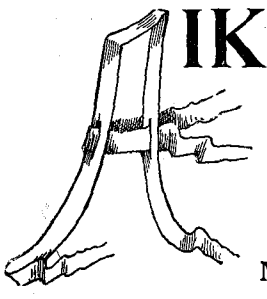

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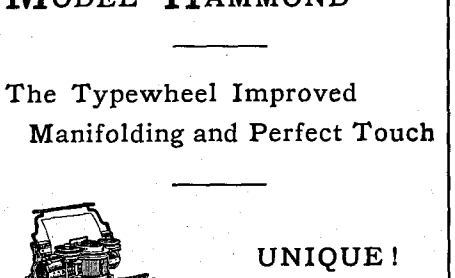

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Volume 48 For Week ending 11 November, 1893 Number 20

The Week

THE Repeal Bill passed the House on November 1 by a vote of 193 to 94. The majority consisted of 124 Democrats and 69 Republicans; the minority of 69 Democrats, 18 Republicans, and 7 Populists. The act promptly received the President's signature. The law thus enacted does not repeal the Sherman Act in its entirety, but merely the clause directing the further purchase of silver and the issue of notes thereon. Our legal tender currency may not now be increased except by the coinage of gold. The new enactment does, indeed, close with a declaration in favor of bimetallism similar to that of the last Democratic platform. This portion of the act reads (in part) as follows:

"And it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of the parity in value of the coins of the two metals."

This declaration is not, however, regarded as important by either the out-and-out gold men or the out-and-out silver men, but was insisted upon by Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, the Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and expresses the attitude of Southern and Western Congressmen who voted both for the free coinage of silver and for the present bill entirely suspending its coinage.

❀

The second day after the passage of the Repeal Bill, Congress adjourned, to meet again in regular session one month hence. Prior to adjournment, the McCreary Bill, extending for six months the period during which Chinese may register, was passed by the Senate. The measure contains the amendment insisted on by the Pacific Slope Representatives, requiring that the certificate of registration shall contain the photograph of the applicant. In the House Mr. Reed filibustered very successfully against the proposition of Chairman Wilson that the Ways and Means Committee might sit during the recess in order to prepare the promised tariff bill. As there were not enough Democrats left in Washington to make a quorum, unless the Democratic Speaker adopted Mr. Reed's "infamous" ruling and counted as present the Republican members who were present but refused to vote, the Democratic majority was at Mr. Reed's mercy. The Republican members, of course, refrained from voting, and a quorum could thus be destroyed at their leader's discretion. A sensible compromise was reached by which the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee are to be given ten days to prepare their report upon the tariff bill framed by the Democratic members before that measure is brought before the House.

❀

President Cleveland holds a stronger position to-day with the great body of the American people than ever before, and confidence in his integrity, courage, and devotion to the public service is very general throughout all classes of the community, without reference to party lines. But President Cleveland is making his mistakes, which ought to stir up all Civil Service Reformers to renewed activity. The removal of Mr. White from the position of Secretary of Legation at London, after an eminently useful and efficient service of ten years, in order to make room for Mr. Roosevelt, of this city, is an illustration of the evils of the spoils system. At the very moment when Mr. White's equipment and experience fitted him above all other Americans for the difficult position which a Secretary of Legation at an important capital always fills, he is removed to make room for a man without experience and without special training for the position. Mr. Josiah Quincy has resigned from the State Department, but his offenses against the spirit and the principle of a true civil service will not soon be forgotten. When he went into office, good things were expected of him, and the early reports of the rapid decapitations of old and tried servants in the State Department were scarcely credited. It seemed impossible that a man of Mr. Quincy's position and professions should sink to the level of a commonplace party politician. To that level, nevertheless, he sank, and his brief rule in the State Department has left one of the worst records of partisan service which has been made in late years. The only gratifying feature in the situation is the universal indignation which has been expressed, and which is likely to follow Mr. Quincy for some time to come. This episode shows that the destruction of the system is absolutely essential. Neither a right-minded President nor a right-minded head of the Department can, in the nature of things, prevent the abuse of power of which Mr. Quincy was guilty. Nobody believes that either Secretary Gresham or Mr. Cleveland could be a party to such a petty division of public spoils; and yet both Mr. Gresham and Mr. Cleveland must be held responsible. There is no body of men who stand in such sore need of a reconstruction of the civil service as the higher officials of the Government. The present system is not only mischievous and unbusinesslike, but it constantly compromises the heads of departments and subjects the President of the United States to a kind of criticism from which he ought to be protected by the very conditions under which the Government is carried on. We do not hold the President in any administration responsible for all the blunders and shortcomings of all his subordinates. But it is certain that if Mr. Cleveland were as determined to put an end to the spoils system as he was to secure the repeal of the Silver Act, such abuses as we have seen since his inauguration would end in short order.

❀

Events which occurred on Saturday of last week afford a very conclusive demonstration that the spirit of audacious lawlessness is not confined in this country to the far West.

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The town of Gravesend, in the vicinity of Brooklyn, which includes Coney Island and the adjoining race-tracks, has been for some time under the political control of the law-breakers. This is the town in which a prize-fight was arranged with the concurrence of the Supervisor and under the immediate direction of a Justice of the Peace. It has, according to the latest census, a population of about 8,000, which would give a maximum voting population of from 1,500 to 2,000; for this election over 6,000 names are registered. The law requires the registration lists to be posted so as to be accessible to all citizens. Every attempt to get an inspection of the registry lists was thwarted by the authorities. Finally the intervention of the Supreme Court was invoked, and warrants for the arrest of eight inspectors of election were obtained and given to the Sheriff; and at the same time eighteen (some reports say fourteen) citizens went to Gravesend, armed with writs of mandamus directed to the inspectors, requiring them to allow the lists to be copied. On the arrival of these men they were seized by a mob, headed by the Supervisor and acting under the assumed authority of a Justice of the Peace, and were committed to jail, without bail, as vagrants. This took place Saturday night, and as the courts are closed on Sunday, release was impossible before Monday morning. It is not improbable that this device of the organized law-breakers of Gravesend will suffice to prevent any copying of the registration lists in time to prevent, by the means of such lists, illegal voting. But we greatly mistake the spirit of the people of Kings County, and of Mr. Gaynor, who is the counsel for the citizens' movement, and of Judge Cullen, whose writs have been thus set at defiance, if the matter ends here. We shall be greatly disappointed if some of these lawbreakers do not pay a more serious penalty for their crime than a mere fine. The spirit of the citizens has been indicated by the securing of a guarantee fund of $50,000 for the payment of rewards, varying from $1,000 to $200, for the detection and conviction of any illegal voters. The deliberate, organized, and officially indorsed attempt to overcome the will of the people of the State ought to unite all honorable men of all parties in a vigorous, indignant, and effective rebuke at the polls.

❀

Both of the great political parties in Massachusetts are pledged formally to favor the principle of the "referendum," and the Republicans are in favor of the "popular initiative" also. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of these declarations, and it needs to be stated that each party indorsed the principles in the absence of a general popular discussion. A committee of the Central Labor Union waited upon the Platform Committee of the Democratic Convention of Massachusetts, which was held September 27, and asked them to incorporate into the platform an indorsement of their reform. Accordingly, the following was reported, unanimously, and adopted without discussion:

"We favor the adoption in this Commonwealth of some plan of referendum by which important acts of the Legislature can be submitted to popular vote."

The same request was also presented by a committee of the Union to the Platform Committee of the Republican State Convention, which met October 7. In an equally brief and general way the Republicans declared for the popular initiative and for the referendum, but without saying anything as to the mode of applying the principle. During the campaign no discussion has occurred between the two parties upon the matter, for, since they are agreed, neither could make any points against the other. Hence it cannot reasonably be expected that the coming Legislature will necessarily take positive action for the proposed change. Nevertheless, the growing interest manifested in the subject on the part of thinking men, and the sudden high standing given to the issue in Massachusetts, will lead to a watchful interest in its progress. The people do not seem to be hostile to it, and they may soon be as ready for a wide, practical application of the initiative and the referendum as they were for the secret Australian ballot with almost no previous popular agitation.

❀

The Torrey Bankruptcy Bill, slightly modified, has been again before the House of Representatives, and has apparently widened the breach made in the Democratic party by the passage of the Repeal Bill. The reason for this does not appear upon the face of the new measure. The ends sought, as stated by its friends, are uniformity in bankruptcy proceedings throughout the Union and the suppression of the dishonest practices by which certain creditors, real or bogus, are paid in full while others are paid nothing. The ends are so good that, did the measure accomplish them and nothing more, there could be no debate upon it. There was, however, a most violent debate, and the division made in both parties followed the general lines marked out by the Repeal Bill. The Representatives from the rural districts South and West declared that the Bankruptcy Bill is a second act of injustice to the debtor classes. Several Eastern Representatives who voted for the Repeal Bill joined in the attack upon it. Even Mr. Ray (Republican, New York), who signed the Committee report in favor of the measure, criticised some provisions as unnecessarily severe. The country, he said, has had three bankruptcy laws—passed respectively in 1800, 1841, and 1867—and every one proved a failure, chiefly because of its complexity and the extreme costliness of settling estates in the Federal courts. The present act, he declared, does not avoid these evils. Mr. Stone, of Pennsylvania, went further and declared the present act much more drastic than the act of 1867. It would be particularly injurious, he urged, to pass such a bill at this time, when hard-pressed debtors ought to be treated with leniency instead of being forced into bankruptcy if they become thirty days behind in their payments. But the violent attacks came from the South and the West. Representatives from these sections bitterly denounced the provisions requiring debtors to remain away from their homes to conduct tedious litigation before the Federal Courts; and went so far as to declare that the exemption of National banks from the provisions of the new Act permits the banks to hold the money of the debtor while the creditor throws him into bankruptcy. The replies to these criticisms in too large a measure avoided the details criticised and dwelt upon the desirability of the general ends to be secured. Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, went so far as to declare that, even though the bill "may be defective in many particulars—may be criminally cruel in some of its provisions," he would still vote for it, because "we must have some sort of a measure or we will never have any wise bankrupt law on our statute-books at all." In the applause which this declaration called forth we are unable to join. A general bankruptcy bill is desirable, but a crude and imperfect one, requiring forthwith to be amended, is worse than none at all.

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In the November number of the "Review of Reviews" President Andrews, of Brown University, presents an article on the "Future of Silver Production" which contains so much of history as to demand a consideration of those who most distrust economic prophecy. President

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Andrews has made a careful study of the silver industry in the West, and reports that many of the richest mines, like the Comstock Lode, are worked out, while those that are still productive, such as the best-known mines at Aspen and Leadville, must henceforth be worked at a rapidly increasing cost, owing to increasing water and depth. "All but universally," he says, "silver ores grow poorer as the mines grow deeper." For several years, furthermore, nearly all of the silver mines have been worked with the view of immediate returns rather than future development. In the phrase of the mining camps, they have been "skinned," or, in economic phrase, they have been exploited. The richest ores have been taken, and the remainder permitted to be lost. He reports, of course, that the restriction of silver production involves the restriction of gold production, since about one-quarter of the gold produced in this country is taken as a by-product from the silver mines. This restriction of gold product, however, he makes note, is likely to be offset in a large degree by increased attention to the placer gold mines. Altogether, his conclusions are that the cost of producing silver is likely to increase in a marked degree; this likelihood, he observes in conclusion, has a close bearing upon a proposed solution of the silver question to which many are now turning who despair of international action for free coinage at the present ratio of 16 to 1, and are considering the advisability of free coinage by us alone at a somewhat increased ratio. "Upon the general, many-sided, and difficult question whether such a course would be wise," he says, "I do not here utter an opinion; but that a ratio of 20 to 1 would be safe in the sense that it would not result in the expulsion of our gold, I believe to be certain."

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Public attention has been so fully occupied of late with the World's Fair at Chicago that hardly as much notice as is deserved has been given in the East to the proposed Exposition in California. This is in name also an international fair, though its main purpose will be to worthily display the very varied products and industries of the Pacific Slope. The plans are already far advanced, and on January 1 this California Midwinter International Exposition (to use the official title) will open at the beautiful Golden Gate Park at San Francisco. It will continue there through the delightful winter season of California and until the first of June. In the architecture of the buildings the designers have very wisely taken many hints from the Spanish Mission type of buildings. The excellent effect obtained through this type of architecture in the California Building at Chicago has been widely remarked. Something of the same charm will be found in several of the buildings at Golden Gate Park, notably in that intended for agriculture, and to a less degree in the Administration Building, which has some points of resemblance to that which bore the same name in Chicago. The buildings allotted to manufactures and to machinery are hardly as pleasing, while that intended for the fine arts —if we may judge from newspaper pictures—is distinctly ill-proportioned. Among the unusual and interesting features will be an extensive flower-garden, the luxuriance of which all who have visited California can easily imagine; caverns in which gold and silver mining will be carried on; a large building to be put up by the Chinese Six Companies and to contain a Chinese theater, restaurant, shops, flower-garden, and a lofty tower of porcelain and tiles; an elaborate exhibit by the Hawaiian Government, covering two acres; a reproduction of a Hungarian village and of the famous Prater of Vienna; together with many shows similar to those of the Midway Plaisance. The people of California are showing the utmost public spirit and energy in preparing for the exhibition, and its success is already assured.

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The New England Conference of Charities and Correction held a profitable two days' session at Newton, Mass., two weeks ago. The members of the Conference are representatives of charity organizations and allied societies. They meet once a year to report progress, compare views, and hear suggestions. It is noticeable that out of the six State reports submitted, four were presented by women. Of the many significant facts brought out in the reports, these are specially so: In Maine there is an appreciable diminution in the number of almshouses, "for the reason that the poor and dependent have been taught to help themselves." In Massachusetts pauperism is diminishing, there being now only 7 paupers to every 1,000, as against 10 to the 1,000 twenty years ago. In Rhode Island one commission has the care of all the penal institutions of the State, thus keeping them out of "practical politics." Among the interesting addresses delivered was one by the Hon. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, on "Emergency Loans." The organization with which he is connected was formed to "break down the business of the money-sharks." It is conducted on strictly business principles, and not as a charity, but it has proved a boon to the classes it is intended to reach. It charges 1 per cent. a month for an emergency loan. In five years the losses have aggregated $5,000. The capital of the organization is $70,000. Another interesting feature was the reports on the workings of the Massachusetts "probation" law, by which first offenders, especially those arrested for drunkenness, are released on probation, but are dealt with severely if rearrested. This is in contrast with the ordinary system of fining and imprisoning drunkards over and over again. Mr. F. G. Pettigrove, Secretary of the Commissioners of Prisons, testified: "The Probation Law has been in operation since July, 1891, and during its first year 1,400 persons were placed under probation in Massachusetts. Not only did the officers care for that number, but they investigated 63,000 cases outside of the State. Divested of venial crimes, our prisoners show less percentage of criminality than heretofore. The State Prison population is less than in 1878." Chief Justice Parmenter, of the Boston Municipal Court, heartily indorsed the workings of the law, adding that he considered "every dollar spent in the development of the probation method of distinct benefit to the community." The subject of "Friendly Visiting" was discussed by Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, of London, who insisted on the value of personal visits to the very poor, and the personal advocacy of thrift. Mrs. Chant gave an interesting sketch of the Sisters of the Poor in London, whose mission it is to smooth the way of the woman whose husband is disabled by sickness, to care for the sick, and to provide recreation for the convalescent.

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The danger of international complications about Brazil has been greatly lessened by the frank and creditable action of the French and German diplomatic representatives at Washington, in calling upon Secretary Gresham and giving him assurances that their Governments will not tolerate any interference by their naval officers or Ministers now at Rio Janeiro in the war between Peixoto and Mello. These assurances are given at precisely the right time, as Captain Picking, who is now in command of our war-ships at Rio Janeiro, has written to the Navy Department that he believes that the foreign Ministers there have agreed upon a plan of intervention in case Admiral Mello

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should again begin the bombardment. In point of fact, if Mello should gain the upper hand (which seems now quite improbable), we feel sure that nothing would be further from his mind than to unite with foreign powers to restore a monarchy. Victorious generals in South American countries are not wont to give way to others when personal power is within their grasp, whatever they may say when they need aid. The actual situation at Rio Janeiro is much the same as a week ago. The war has been amusingly and aptly likened to a contest between a lion and a shark, as the army of Peixoto and the navy of Mello find it very hard to get at one another, neither being willing to leave its own element. Still another analogy may be drawn from animal lore, for Mello is much in the position of the farmer who thrust his arm into the fox's hole and immediately said that he did not know whether he had the fox or the fox had him; similarly, it depends entirely on the point of view whether one considers that Mello holds the capital of Brazil at his mercy, or whether he is penned up in its harbor and unable to escape. Meanwhile, the Brazilian Government is pushing rapidly the fitting out of its new ship El Cid, bought in this port. Within a fortnight Peixoto will have ready at New York a little fleet consisting of El Cid, with a Zalinski dynamite gun on board; the fast steam-yacht Feiseen, fitted as a torpedo-boat; one or more Yarrow torpedo-boats, bought in England; the Ericsson boat Destroyer, fitted with a submarine gun; and probably one or two other vessels. The use of dynamite by means of an aerial gun, or torpedo-tube, is quite a new thing in naval warfare, and if the revolution is not ended within two or three weeks we are likely to hear of extraordinary experiments and of naval combats of a novel kind in the harbor of Rio Janeiro.

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The enthusiastic demonstrations of affection of which the Russian naval officers were recently the recipients in France continue to be widely commented upon in all the different capitals, and are regarded as of serious significance. The German papers are evidently under restraint in their comments, although in one or two cases a savage strain has made itself noticeable. The English papers discuss the demonstration with a good deal of frankness, and evidently attach a good deal of importance to it, chiefly, it appears, on two grounds. In the judgment of a good many Englishmen, the peaceful *statu quo* in Europe is preserved more by apprehension than by any other single factor in the situation. The risks of war are so great that no country is willing to accept them except under every possible advantage of position and preparation. In the judgment of these observers, France has so far been kept back by a sense of isolation, and the apprehension is expressed that if the Russian alliance becomes more definite in its terms and more workable, the French desire for revenge cannot be much longer held in check. These observers also are apprehensive lest, by an arrangement between Russia and France, the great Northern Power be domesticated in the Mediterranean by the cession, more or less permanent, of a seaport. This would menace English supremacy of the seas and English command of the roadways to her Eastern possessions, and might involve, therefore, very serious consequences to English power. Germany naturally takes advantage of the situation to point out the advantages that would accrue to England from her acceptance of a share of the responsibility of the Triple Alliance, and even hints that the time may come when that responsibility will be forced upon her by the perils of her own position. The French are, however, a very practical people, and, while the feeling of indignation against Germany for the seizure of the Rhine provinces is unquestionably very deep and very general, it has so far been kept under such admirable control that it is doubtful if this feeling be allowed to dictate public policy, except under very great provocation.

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A remarkable manifesto has just been issued by the labor leaders of Great Britain in support of the Local Option Bill introduced into the present Parliament by the Administration. This measure makes the people of each locality the real licensing board, though it does not allow them to veto the granting of licenses unless the majority supporting such veto is two to one. This measure certainly seems conservative enough, yet it is opposed, as we know, by most of the wealth and respectability of England because it permits the people to refuse to renew licenses without compensating the liquor-dealers for the extinction of their profits. The Conservative party, which voices this opposition, has, of course, resorted to the "personal liberty" argument in fighting the measure before the voters. It is the answer to this plea that makes the labor manifesto so important. It says:

"The opponents of the Veto Bill profess to be intensely interested in the protection of the liberties of the working classes. It is a fraudulent profession. The liberty which most of them really desire to maintain is the liberty of privileged monopolists to exploit the working classes by indirect means. 'Liberty of the people!' Could any cry be more absurd! When the bill becomes law, it will remain a dead letter until two-thirds—in the circumstances an unnecessarily large majority—of those who vote on the question demand that it be brought into operation; and as at least six-sevenths of all entitled to vote belong to what are called the 'poorer classes,' it is sheer mockery and insult of these classes to tell them that the measure will enable the rich to tyrannize over them. The matter is absolutely and completely in their own hands."

To this manifesto are appended the signatures of John Burns, Amalgamated Engineers; John Wilson, Miners' National Union; and six other Labor Members of Parliament, together with the presidents or other officials of all the leading labor unions throughout the country.

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Mr. J. K. Paulding, in a recent letter to the New York "Tribune," brought out the fact that the anti-Semitic movement in Germany had departed from the lines marked out for it by its founder, the Court Pastor, Stoecker. It was no longer directed against the Jews because of their race or religion, but because they were so largely monopolizing the wealth of the country. It was, therefore, in a partial and confused way, a Socialistic movement, and one of the Jewish leaders of the Socialists defined it wittily as "the Socialism of blockheads." At the Social Democratic Convention at Cologne lately, this aspect of the anti-Semitic movement formed the theme of the principal address—that delivered by Herr Bebel. Already, it was declared, the anti-Semitic leaders had extended their line of attack from the Jews to the idle aristocrats and great capitalists, whether Jew or Christian. They had found that they could not limit to the Jews the accusation of oppressing and defrauding the poor. Herr Bebel predicted that the movement would continue to grow stronger in Germany, and that it would merge itself into the Social Democracy. If the movement develops logically, this must be the result. The assumptions of Pastor Stoecker and his conservative followers, that the Jews who had amassed fortunes were the embodiment of all the vices, while the Christians who had amassed them were the embodiment of all the virtues, could not stand.

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GENERAL NEWS.—The latest reports from the fighting between the Spanish and the Riffian tribesmen at Melilla

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indicate that the latter have, for the present at least, been driven back to the hills; the first reports of the losses by the Spanish in the engagement of October 28 now appear to have been exaggerated; when the question of reparation by Morocco for the attacks upon the Spanish fort comes up, there is a possibility of international complications between England and France.——Reports from Mashonaland state that Lobengula has been defeated by the South African Company's troops, and that his capture is expected to take place soon.——The Austrian Emperor has requested Prince Windischgraetz to form a Cabinet; there was some rioting by Socialists in the streets of Vienna on Friday of last week.——Cardinal Carlo Laurenzi died in Rome on November 2, at the age of seventy-two.——The Cunard steamships Campania and Lucania have reduced the time of the transatlantic passage both from east to west and from west to east; the Lucania now holds the record; the voyage westward was made in within a very few minutes of five and a half days. ——The annual report of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, just published, shows a deficiency for the year of over $5,000,000; the report states that the letter-sheet envelopes and also the issue of three sizes of postal cards have proved unsatisfactory, and that the reply postal card has not yet met expectations.——President Cleveland has issued the usual proclamation appointing Thursday, November 30, Thanksgiving Day.——The Spanish town and seaport Santander was partly destroyed last Friday by an explosion of dynamite stored on a ship; about two hundred persons were killed.

The Alienation of Church and People

"We are living in the ebb-time of the Christian Church. The Church is ruled by dogmaticians, ecclesiastics, and traditionalists. But their day is nearly over. There is that profound dissatisfaction with the present state of things, that intense longing for better things, that anxious quest for something higher, that readiness to follow any one who seems to have something new, which heralds the approach of a new era."

We print this, the opening, paragraph of Dr. Briggs's article in the November "Forum," in order to express our radical dissent from the first two sentences, and our hearty concurrence with the last sentence.

The "Christian Church" is an ambiguous phrase. It may mean some definite organization with a continuous history, an authoritative head, and a distinctive body of doctrine. If this is what Dr. Briggs means by the phrase, then there is no "Christian Church" whose ebb-tide has come. There are a great many "Christian Churches" some of which are not merely in an ebb-time but actually stranded, others of which are being borne forward by the flood-tide. The Congregational Church is not ruled by dogmaticians, ecclesiastics, and traditionalists; on the contrary, the spirit of freedom was never more pervasive and dominant in that Church than it is to-day. The Roman Catholic Church in this country is not ruled by dogmaticians, ecclesiastics, and traditionalists; on the contrary, their influence and authority in that Church are even less than they were fifty or sixty years ago, when Bishop Hughes was the controlling factor. The Episcopal Church is not ruled by dogmaticians and traditionalists; it is to a considerable extent ruled by the ecclesiastics; but in England in a large measure, and in this country in a considerable measure, they have shown themselves full of the spirit of the Gospel, and attached to dogma and tradition chiefly as those are instruments in the work of the Gospel. It is, indeed, only the Presbyterian Church that is apparently ruled by dogmaticians, ecclesiastics, and traditionalists; and we venture to say that if, misled by their victory in the prosecution of Dr. Briggs, they should attempt to turn out of the communion all ministers entertaining in substance the opinion of Dr. Briggs, their rule would come to a very abrupt end.

But the term "Christian Church" may be used with a larger and more Biblical significance. It may be used to designate the *ecclesia*—that is, the whole body of those who have heard Christ's call to follow him, and who, answering to it, are seeking to do his work in the world. In this larger sense the Church of Christ includes not only all organizations which call themselves churches, but no less other organizations which bear no such designation, such as the Salvation Army, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Young Women's Christian Associations, and the King's Daughters. This "Christian Church" is not suffering an ebb-tide, nor is it ruled by dogmaticians, ecclesiastics, and traditionalists. It never was so strong, never so large in numbers, never so effective, never so much in touch with humanity, never so truly in the van of human progress, as it is to-day. At Dr. Stimson's installation at the Broadway Tabernacle, Dr. A. J. Lyman truly defined the functions of the Christian Church to be preaching of Christ's unchanging truth in ever-changing forms of expression adapted to the ever-changing wants of man. Never did the Christian Church show so much flexibility, both in methods of work and in forms of expression, as to-day, and never did it show a better apprehension of the essential spirit of Christ, or a greater loyalty to that spirit.

It is, for instance, constantly assumed—and we find this assumption in Dr. Briggs's article—that the Church is losing its power over men. On the contrary, we doubt whether at any time during the history of the Church the proportion of masculine attendance on church services has been so great, except when the attendance was under legal or social compulsion. An attendant of one of the great churches in this vicinity, on its opening service this fall, took a census of one considerable section of the congregation. The result showed fifty-six per cent. to be men, and between forty and fifty per cent. to be men of apparently under fifty years of age. We could easily name half a dozen churches in New York and Brooklyn in which nearly if not quite half of the attendants are men, and if our knowledge were greater we could probably name many more. If men have lost their interest in the institutions of religion, how shall we account for the masculine activities shown in the Salvation Army, the Christian Endeavor Societies, and the Young Men's Christian Associations?

It is true that there is a profound dissatisfaction with dogmaticians, ecclesiastics, and traditionalists; that wherever they rule, the masculine element drops out of the Church; and that there is an intense longing for better things, and a hopeful rather than an anxious quest for something higher and better than is yet attained; true also that all this is a light which heralds, if not a new era, at all events a new and larger development of Christian activity and organization. It is not by cutting loose from dogma, Church order, and tradition that this dissatisfaction will be allayed. It must be done by a better interpretation of that life which the old dogma once interpreted, but which it can interpret to the modern life no longer; by such changes in Church order and method as will make them better instruments to convey the old truth to the new age; and by that kind of attachment to the traditions of the past which will bring forth out of them, as a trunk does from the buried roots, the sap to feed the fresh leaf and blossom and fruit. It is not by telling men that the Church has

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thus far been a failure that they can be inspired to make it a success. The wonderful work of the past is at once the spur to future activity and the harbinger and prophet to future achievement.

The Winter Sitting of the English Parliament

After an unprecedentedly short recess, Parliament resumed its sittings on Thursday of last week. The House of Lords will have little to do for two or three weeks to come; the House of Commons will at once address itself to the Parish Councils Bill, and to the measure for the amendment of the Employers' Liability Act of 1880. Both these measures were introduced in the House of Commons early last spring, but progress with them was necessarily delayed by the Home Rule Bill.

Two facts about the present autumnal sitting must be kept in mind. One is that the sitting is not a new session, but a continuation of the session which was opened by the Queen's Speech in February last. It therefore follows that nothing will be heard of the Home Rule Bill in Parliament until the new year. Then the new measure will have to be introduced just as though the bill of 1893 had never had an existence; and, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, the new measure will have to be introduced in the House of Commons. It could, of course, originate in the House of Lords; but it is not at all likely to do so. If it did, the Lords would repeat their vote of September, throw out the bill again on the second reading, and thus peremptorily settle its fate for another session. It might, perhaps, be good electioneering tactics to have the measure so dealt with; but such a plan would not commend itself either to the Anti-Parnellites or to the Parnellites, and Mr. Gladstone must have their full and loyal support, both in the present autumn sitting, if the Parish Councils Bill is to go to the Lords, and in the session of 1894, if his Government is to pass the financial votes necessary for the maintenance of the army, navy, and civil services. It may be considered, then, as almost certain that the next Home Rule Bill will be introduced in the House of Commons, and, unless the recent speeches of the Irish leaders are meaningless, the new measure will be forthcoming early next year.

The political situation has not greatly altered since the adjournment of Parliament. In England nearly all the speech-making during the recess has been on the side of the Unionists. Mr. Gladstone has spoken in Edinburgh, Mr. John Morley has addressed his constituents at Newcastle, and Mr. Asquith has spoken at Glasgow. In reply to these addresses from the Liberal leaders there have been two speeches from Lord Salisbury in Lancashire, one by Mr. Goschen in Edinburgh, another at Huddersfield by Lord Randolph Churchill, and a fourth in Cornwall by Mr. Courtney. The rank and file on both sides of the House of Commons have addressed meetings of their constituents, as is customary at this time of the year, and at each of these meetings the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Home Rule Bill has been indorsed or condemned. But on the part of the Liberals there have been no great popular demonstrations like those attending the visits of Lord Salisbury to Lancashire, Mr. Goschen to Scotland, and Lord Randolph Churchill to Yorkshire. So far, also, there has not been a single great meeting against the House of Lords, similar to those held in London and in the Provinces when the Upper Chamber threatened the Reform Bill of 1884. The absence of such great meetings is remarkable; but it is, no doubt, in accordance with plans for the next electoral campaign which have been carefully made at the Liberal headquarters in London.

There has been much more stir among the politicians in Ireland. The case of the evicted tenants has been again to the front, and has caused much heartburning to the Nationalists. Both groups are disappointed that the Government found it absolutely impossible to pass a measure for the reinstatement of the Plan of Campaign tenants, who were worsted in the long-drawn-out struggle with the landlords; and the Parnellites, who set the pace in Ireland, encouraged by the enthusiasm which marked the great demonstration on the occasion of the anniversary of the death of Mr. Parnell, are threatening reprisals if something is not at once done by the Government for the evicted tenants. There are only nine Parnellite members in the House of Commons; but, in the present state of parties at Westminster, and with the existing tension between the two groups of Nationalists, where the Parnellites lead the Anti-Parnellites must follow, or lose ground with the Irish constituencies. It consequently follows that if the Parnellites demand that an Evicted Tenants' Relief Bill and the Home Rule Bill shall be the first measure of 1894, the Anti-Parnellites must, of necessity, join in the demand; and then the English and Welsh Radicals will again have to stand aside for a year, as they have done in 1893, or Mr. Gladstone must at once appeal to the country.

The Home Rule Bill has passed the House of Commons. This marks a distinct step forward in the Nationalist movement. The situation in England, however, is more complex and acute than it was twelve months ago, as the complications have been added to by the open hostility of the Parnellites towards the Government, by the development of the agrarian movement in Wales, by the industrial upheaval on the Midland coal-fields, and by the prospect of a winter in which the unemployed question will be even more pressing than it was in the winter of 1892–93.

A Word to the Churches

The elections are over. The silver controversy is laid aside. The battles in the churches are either temporarily ended by a truce, or permanently ended by a peace—the Briggs case, the Smith case, the American Board imbroglio, the Andover controversy. The time is opportune for a concentration by churches and ministry on spiritual themes. The elections have directed men's thoughts to a consideration of topics of practical righteousness. The Parliament of Religions has enforced the reality and the value of religion, and illustrated its nature and the degree and extent of public and popular interest in it. And commercial disasters have taught men, with an eloquence which no pulpit can emulate, that riches have wings, and that life is capable of better things than a consecration to money-making.

Now let ministers choose the deeply spiritual themes for their pulpits. Let them give their people some better food than dogmatic definitions and partisan polemics. The souls of men are hungry; let not the clergy give them stones for bread and scorpions for fish. Let them choose the books richest in spiritual life for their study. Let them drop Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison, agnostic philosophy and the higher criticism, and study the Gospel of St. John and the Epistle to the Ephesians. Let Sunday-

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school teachers study and teach their lessons for the practical and spiritual truths which they contain. Let them see what there is in Paul's instructions adapted to bring men to a practical realization of Paul's religion—living righteously, soberly, and godly; and let them not forget the third element in this definition. Let fathers and mothers open the windows of their homes to the air of heaven—the air which is composed equally of faith and hope and love—and let it blow through the homes and clear the world-miasma out. Let churches hope for spiritual results, expect spiritual results, labor for spiritual results. Postpone fairs; let purely social gatherings take a second place; let every church member give at least one devotional meeting a regular place on the week's calendar; allow only imperative duty to call away from it. In brief, let the Church put the development of personal, spiritual life before itself as the one end to be sought, and concentrate all its thoughts and energies on that one end.

We do not look for a repetition of the kind of revivals that were known under Whitefield and Finney and the Beechers, father and son. Not only have times changed: moods of thought have changed; methods of activity have changed; and forms of life must change also. But the revival of the religion of Jesus Christ does not always come with a Lo, here! and a Lo, there! The measures of Finney and Nettleton were "new measures" in their day. The measures that will be spiritually efficacious in our day will be "new measures" also, not a mere revival of those old measures. But where there is a will there is a way. It is the will we seek to stir up to activity. Let each church and each pastor be sure that the will is earnest, consecrated, concentrated; then each church and pastor will find a way, and each their own way.

The Meaning of It

The comments of M. Paul Bourget in the current issue of the "Forum" on the moral tendency in recent French literature are specially significant as coming from one of the representatives of that movement and one of the foremost French novelists of the day. M. Bourget's work discloses a steadily deepening moral earnestness, a perception of the moral issues behind life; and what he has to say, therefore, of the movement of which he himself is an eminent exponent carries very great weight. The importance of the movement may perhaps be exaggerated; time alone will disclose its magnitude and its permanence; but its significance can hardly be exaggerated, for it brings out very clearly the inevitable reaction which sooner or later overtakes every artistic movement which limits itself either in its inquiry into life or in its representation of the phenomena of life. M. Bourget calls attention to the great difference between the French novels of 1880 and those of 1893; the first absolutely neglecting the phenomena of the spiritual life and concentrating attention entirely upon the physical and social phenomena, and dealing with persons not only humble in station but defective in the power of resisting temptation and incapable of effort. The recent novels, on the other hand, are almost wholly concerned with the problems of the moral life, with questions of conscience, subtle and rare traits and complex personalities. The reaction from the realistic has gone so far that in some cases it has passed through the idealistic into the symbolic, and is producing a group of writers in France notable rather for their mysticism and over-refinement than for their clear and clean insight into spiritual and moral things. This very excess, however, is significant. Criticism, which fifteen years ago was wholly positivistic, has again become wholly philosophic and moral. In fact, the moral question is beginning to dominate fiction, poetry, criticism, and the stage; and the moral renaissance among young men, and the so-called neo-Christian movement, are only manifestations of a general tendency.

In 1830 the great motive in French dramatic art was passion; in 1840 it was intellect; in 1870 it was money; and the dominant method was an exact, searching, and scientific analysis of sensation. Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," a great work in point of execution, is the work of an anatomist and a physiologist. Renan attempted a natural history of religion, Taine interpreted literature as so much psychology, while Le Conte de Lisle and Beaudelaire approached man, the first through zoölogy and philology, the second "by applying surgical processes to the study of his intimate miseries." Then came that powerful genius Zola, and his gigantic effort to transform the literature of the imagination into a literature of scientific observation. Everybody now sees that M. Zola has utterly failed in this object, and that his novels of observation are very largely novels of imagination, the genius of the man triumphing to a certain extent over his method, but also very largely sacrificed to that method. This method of dissection and vivisection reached its climax in De Maupassant, who passed from the dissection of sensation to the dissection of sentiment, and who, according to M. Bourget, during the year which preceded the final crisis in his malady, was almost wholly absorbed in religious questions.

The significance of this evolution lies in the fact that it shows by another striking historical demonstration the impossibility of confining art, however delicate or powerful, to the examination of physical and social phenomena. Whether the artist will it or not, sooner or later art works through these obvious and external things, and finds itself face to face with that inevitable moral problem which is a part, and the chief part, of every human personality, and which underlies every social organization and every historical movement. M. Zola, in his attempt to analyze human disease, is brought face to face at last with the mysteries of moral disease. A keen-witted American woman, writing not long ago from Paris, said that the French theater constantly gave her the impression of a whole race gone astray. For twenty-five years many of the leaders of French thought and art have lost their way, and, if they have not prostituted their great gifts, have at least limited very largely their range and power of revelation by the limitations which they have imposed upon those gifts. The mind and the heart of France, however, are sound, and the reaction which is now setting in so strongly was inevitable from the first. That reaction is always implicit in every movement which attempts to limit the insight of art to any kind of physiological or purely social phenomena. Art can never rest in depicting these things; it is bound by its very nature to press on in its investigations until it reaches the moral nature and probes the moral problems. It was the spell of the inner life and of the spiritual consciousness in great works of literary art which has given Russian fiction such immense influence of late years on the French mind, and which has made De Vogüé, the interpreter of that art, one of the leaders of the new movement. Shelley and Tolstoï, M. Bourget tells us, have been a kind of illumination to many young writers in France. Men cannot, do not, live by physical sensation solely or chiefly; neither their nature nor their history can be explained by purely physiological or anatomical methods. Art may study the body long, but sooner or later it discovers the soul.

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Anarchists in Hard Times

By Jno. Gilmer Speed

I HAVE made some little study of the Anarchists in and about New York during the past few years. Since the beginning of the present business and industrial depression I have watched with peculiar interest these men and women who wish to reform social and governmental methods by abolishing all law. Whenever there has been any widespread disturbance owing to a conflict between workmen on the one side and capitalists on the other, the Anarchists have been particularly active and noisy in efforts to extend their incomprehensible ideas. At such times, when both sides are usually angry and a trifle wrong-headed, the Anarchists have been listened to by the workingmen because the Anarchists have appeared to be on their side; and they have been feared by the employers because the doctrines preached tended toward strife, disorder, and the destruction of property. Whenever such difficulties have been adjusted, the Anarchists have dropped out of general public notice, and their very existence has almost been forgotten by both men and masters. As soon, however, as other disturbances occurred, the Anarchists would come excitedly to the front and harangue all who would listen to them in favor of a new chaos, out of which, in some inexplicable way, would grow peace and universal brotherhood. During the time between these labor outbreaks the Anarchists, as individuals and collectively, keep pretty quiet, for Anarchists, like other men, must live, and to live they must work. Many of them are skilled artisans and capable of earning good wages. But few of them work at all when the time seems ripe to begin the social revolution towards which all of them look with confident hope.

This summer and autumn has not been marked by any considerable differences between the employers and the employed, but a very large percentage of the latter have been and still are out of work. These are genuinely hard times, and every man in the country, not dependent on a salary that has remained undisturbed, has felt the stress to a greater or a less degree. The smaller the wage earned the greater has been the stress, for some wages are so small that to diminish them at all is to bring the earners and their families right next door to starvation itself. This, it would seem, would be a most favorable moment for the Anarchists to come to the front and push their propaganda for all that it is worth. Indeed, the critics of American democracy, from Macaulay down, have predicted that the Government would go to smash at such a time as that which we are now experiencing, and that the catastrophe would be caused by the poor and hungry following the bad advice and evil counsel of ignorant demagogues. If that be the danger, I am perfectly certain that the dangerous demagogues are not the Anarchists.

In the early part of last summer a few of these misguided followers of Proudhon—the originator of modern Anarchism—came to the front at labor meetings and made inflammatory and incendiary speeches, suggesting that the unemployed workingmen should pillage the town and wrest from the rich that which rightfully belonged to the people. These speeches did not really excite any one except the police and those whose brains were already addled by efforts to solve, unaided, the social problems which civilization has caused. The police acted with promptness, and, in consequence, there were arrests and there have been several convictions. But the working people themselves, the real sufferers when times are hard, were not interested in the least in the mad mouthings of these oratorical Anarchists. These working people were out of work because there was no work to do, and they knew that perfectly well. The conditions were so hard that mere theories could not excite them to believe that some other causes had produced the hard times. The Anarchists, therefore, instead of finding audiences ready to listen to them and willing to be persuaded into breaking the law and defying the officers of the law, talked to deaf ears, and, enthusiasts though they are, they realized that this was no time to spread their propaganda.

The police and the prosecuting officers in New York believe that their promptness in arresting and convicting several leaders is the reason for the excessive quietness which now prevails among the Anarchists. There could be no greater mistake than this. To be sure, the conviction of two or three—or even of forty or fifty—of these people would do no particular harm, but it does no good whatever, except that by putting in jail one or two Anarchists there are one or two Anarchists less at large. It is necessary to understand what kind of men and women these Anarchists are before arriving at a conclusion as to what is best to be done with them. Not one per cent. of them are afraid of going to prison. Prison life is not harder than the life that the majority of them are accustomed to. To go to prison for an act done as an Anarchist is not looked upon as a disgrace, but, on the contrary, as an honor and a distinction. When Emma Goldman comes away from Blackwell's Island, she will have greater influence than ever before, and she will doubtless exert that influence to make weak-minded young men create disorder, and in their turn they will be sent to Blackwell's Island or Sing Sing Prison. These people believe in what they preach—they believe with the dreadful certainty of madness. They are not, therefore, responsible, and it is as crazy people that they should be dealt with. There are not more than three or four hundred of them in New York, and it would not be a very severe strain upon our charity if we should put all of them in insane asylums, where they belong, and keep them there.

The ordinary forms of insanity are not, I believe, contagious. This is, and it is therefore more remarkable that it does not spread when many men are idle and there is great suffering in every crowded community. But it does not spread. On the contrary, I am persuaded that many who have the disease only in a mild form recover when face to face with hard conditions, and not merely perplexed by theories that they do not comprehend. Last summer, a year ago, there was plenty of work for all who cared for employment. There were, to be sure, labor disturbances here and there. These disturbances, however, were caused by a difference of opinion about wages and the authority of trades-unions. Times were not hard, but, on the contrary, everything appeared to be very prosperous. At that time I spent a week or so among the Anarchists in New York. There was much excitement among them, and they were as happy as they are capable of being, for they felt that the social revolution was near at hand. They sang songs of celebration, and drank great quantities of beer. They talked nonsense and rubbish in as high-sounding phrases as they could construct; they moved about town mysteriously, each one persuading himself that he was followed by at least one city detective and one Russian spy. Peukert, the leader of the Autonomist group, told me that his comings and goings were watched by at least a dozen spies, and that he was followed wherever he went. This was said to me in the saloon of "Tough Mike," in Fifth Street, just off the Bowery. Peukert was there something like eighteen hours a day at that time, and I was constantly in the neighborhood. I tried to get a glimpse of some one who looked like a spy, but always failed. Fifth Street seemed deserted of all but the dirty children playing in the roadway. Peukert flattered himself. In a general way these Anarchists are kept under police surveillance, because they are looked upon as dangerous to society, but not nearly the attention is given to them that they think.

Just now they are in anything but high feather. The only thing that they have to encourage them is that several of their number have been convicted of disturbing the

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peace and inciting others to disorder. But even this is not potent to make them enthusiastically happy. They are actually suffering for food and drink. Without food men do not have high spirits, and when they have not the money with which to pay for drink, their usual meeting-places are not open to them. The keepers of the saloons where the Anarchists gather are merely cool men of business—Anarchists for revenue only. One of these men, by the way, Justus Schwab, has made a neat little fortune by catering to Anarchists; while preaching that there was no such thing as right in property, he has acquired property which probably he would defend with more valor than he would expend upon the defense of his theories.

In the talks I have had with professed Anarchists, I have found two kinds of men. The majority are weak-headed people, of nervous temperament, incapable of correct thinking. They have become Anarchists because they happened to be thrown under the influence of stronger men who were Anarchists. We find men similar to these in all political parties and also in all churches. They have not the faintest conception why they are so zealous, but they are, and that is all there is about it. They belong to that great body that Carlyle, with angry impatience, was fond of calling fools. This class of Anarchists would not be dangerous in themselves, but the zeal of a fool will go very far when directed by a madman with a purpose. The other and smaller class is composed of men who have pondered much on problems too hard for them, until their brains have become addled. Take an uneducated man without much mental force and let him try to think out, unaided, a theory of government through which all suffering, all crime, all unhappiness, all injustice, would be eliminated, and he is sure to make a mess of it. He knows next to nothing of the history of nations and peoples and men, and of the experiences of the past. He has nothing to guide him except his own crude notions. But with this sorry equipment he formulates a theory that is to regenerate the world. The effort makes a madman of him, and the unwillingness on the part of society to accept his ideas confirms him in his insanity. He meets some of the incapables just alluded to, and in a little while there is a new group of Anarchists. By some peculiar attraction these men of addled minds come in contact with each other, and there is a bond of sympathy which unites them in opposition to all constituted authority. As a matter of fact, each group differs from every other as much as all of them differ from the established governments. If by any chance they should ever be able to overturn society, they would surely then turn upon one another with the same mad ferocity which is their present characteristic in common, but which is now directed against accepted law.

These people live in tenement-houses usually, and frequently there are little colonies of them. But the fact that they attach much more importance to their doings than any one else does induces many of them to make a mystery of their living-places. Pretty nearly all of them are foreigners—indeed, I have never happened to meet one who was not. I am not alluding to any of the various kinds of Socialists, but to the Anarchists who believe that society should be overturned by force. Many of the Socialists—even American Socialists—sympathize, to an extent at least, with these Anarchists, though they say that they believe the Anarchists are entirely wrong in the methods which they propose to use. No one could see much of these misguided people without feeling profoundly sorry for them. They are not the wild beasts that they are frequently represented to be, unless a man no longer entirely sane is a wild beast. The strong among them are merely mad; the weak are merely misguided fools. No political crime could be greater than to pander to this madness; no social crime could be more cruel than to condemn these people as responsible criminals. Enlightened charity has erected and supports the insane asylums for just such unfortunates as these. In these days of distress, these men and women not enjoying a full equipment of intelligence are the worst sufferers in the community. They are powerless to influence the sane and honest poor, who live closer to them than others and understand them better, and their condition to-day is one worthy to excite only the pity of those upon whom the Anarchists look as their enemies and the enemies of society.

Philip Schaff

By the Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.

Four faces together here in my photograph album, and all four faces of the dead. Here is Henry B. Smith's sharply chiseled, aquiline profile; here are Roswell D. Hitchcock's massive brow and strong chin and firm but flexible lips; next, the courtly face of William Adams; and, last of all, Philip Schaff's broad, square forehead and keen eye and finely cut nose and mouth. They are all gone. We at Union Seminary have become used to missing all but Schaff. It is too soon yet to be quite credible that we shall never see him again at the library table, or knock at the door of his little room adjoining the library, and see the flushed face lift itself from the paper, and the sense of the visitor and of this present world gradually come into it.

For he never worked, like some men, with half his mind. Whatever he was about, whether Church history, the Divina Commedia, the Sabbath question, hymnology, or the myth of Luther's suicide, he was *totus in illis*. Work was his element. He loved it for its ends, but also for itself. He lost himself in it. He had the German habits and methods of study—the regularity, the persistence, the scrupulousness, the deliberation—and he knew how to keep many irons in the fire at once, and to keep them all hot; how to cut out work for others, and to keep them going while he was busy on his own particular line. That double room down in the Bible House which was his headquarters for several years was a veritable literary factory. His library was there, and he was there, and two or three assistants besides. While the "Church History," and Lange, and the "Creeds of Christendom," and I know not what else, were on the anvil, he was also superintending the work of Bible Revision, and in his place at the long table with the American Committee. At the close of a list of his works, published during the present year, and containing eighty-five titles—one of which covers twenty-five volumes, another fourteen, another seven, others three and four—one reads: "Dr. Schaff hopes to write one more volume of his 'Church History,' and to publish his lectures on 'Christianity—Symbolic and Irenic.'"

It was my privilege to spend a fortnight in his company, last June, at Lake Mohonk, which for several years had been one of his favorite resorts. How rich and varied was his talk on great Christian themes, as we rambled through those lovely woods, or rested in the summer-houses with their grand outlooks! How vivid and racy his reminiscences of the companions and masters of his earlier studies in Germany! His love of work asserted itself in the face of all cautions and remonstrances. One often came upon him in some snug corner or sunny nook, deep in the page before him; it might be a story, or it might be the latest proof of his "Propædeutic." He had just received the first imported copy of Von Gebhardt's "Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter," with photographic reproductions of the original. No child was ever more delighted with a new gun or drum. He displayed the volume and talked about it to some people, at least, who probably knew no more about the Gospel of Peter than about the ichthyosaurus; but it was his way to try and interest his companion, whoever he might be, in his literary pleasures; and the old guests would have listened if the Doctor had discoursed on Egyptian hieroglyphics. He gave a little talk about the document in the parlor one evening. Meanwhile the proofs of his "Propædeutic" were coming in, and his paper for the Congress of Religions was on his mind; indeed, he may have been writing it.

He loved to teach, whether by word or pen. On my showing him last spring a printed scheme of one of my lecture courses, he exclaimed, "What a delight and blessing it is to teach young men!" One of his severest trials

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consequent upon his first paralytic stroke was his inability to lecture. He measured every stage of his improvement by the degree in which it shortened the distance between him and the lecture-room; and I shall never forget the exuberant delight with which he grasped my hand as I was about leaving the Seminary, and exclaimed, almost with a shout, "I'm going to lecture next week!"

With all his scholastic habits, he was no recluse. No man more thoroughly enjoyed the raciness and fun of social chat. He was often to be found at the Century Club, reading or conversing. He always had an appreciative and hearty laugh for a good story, and was ready to match it with another of his own. He used to tell with great relish about his being somewhere on a Southern railroad when a negro came into the car with some chicken sandwiches for sale, and offered them to him. "See here," said the Doctor, "where did you get the chickens for those sandwiches?" The negro looked him in the face for a moment, and replied, very solemnly, "Are you a fren' of de cullud man, sah?" "Yes," said the Doctor. "Well, sah, ef you *is* a fren' of de cullud man, you bettah not ask me whar I got dem chickens."

He had an extraordinary memory. It could never be said of him, as it was about one of his former colleagues, that he had forgotten more than most men knew, for he never seemed to have forgotten anything, whether it were a date, a name somewhere back in the second or third century, or an incident of an interview with Tholuck or with Abraham Lincoln. His memory was richly stored with hymns, Latin, German, and English. He would repeat long passages of the Odyssey, or the Divina Commedia, or Faust. He was a student of Dante, and less than two years ago published an elaborate essay on Dante and the Divina Commedia. He had a wonderful acquaintance with the literature of any subject that he treated. He seemed to have some special organs of vision on every side, which kept him constantly aware of the new sails on the critical and literary horizon. The gong is sounding for lecture. He comes down the hall from the library. "Good-morning! Oh, have you seen that new book of Carl Clemen on the Chronology of the Pauline Epistles? Rather trashy, isn't it? He doesn't throw much light on the sources of the Acts. Speaking of Acts, that's a very strong book of Ramsay's." The gong has stopped; the students are crowding in. The Doctor begins to move toward the lecture-room. "Did you know that the first part of Godet's 'Introduction' is out at last? A great thing for a man in his eightieth year! Ah, I saw him in Neuchatel a year ago"—and then an anecdote, a criticism, a quotation, and the white head disappears through the Junior door, and the next moment his voice is heard in prayer.

He always retained a decided foreign accent. He spoke readily, of course, in German and French, and said that he used to know Italian, but had grown rusty. But he had a thorough command of English, and spoke as one who thought in it. I do not remember ever to have seen him use notes in a public address, and his extempore utterance was at once fluent and accurate.

He was no less devout than scholarly. The awe and reverence which always characterized him in public prayer were very strongly marked, and casual expressions in the course of conversation bore witness to his chastened spirit and his simple faith. Not many months ago he said to a friend that he hoped he might be spared to do some more work, but added, "At any rate, my trunk is packed." I recall a conversation with him in the course of which, alluding to the death of his beloved daughter, he said, with a sigh out of the depths of a father's heart, "Well, God knows best."

In everything which concerned his own theological views and doctrinal statements Dr. Schaff was eminently candid and outspoken. Thoroughly acquainted with every phase of critical opinion in theology and Biblical exegesis, he was never swept from his faith in the Scriptures and in the divine-human Son of God. His little book on the Person of Christ, originally written in German in 1865, has been translated into English, Dutch, French, Greek, Russian, Bulgarian, and Japanese. But his windows were always open to the light. He believed profoundly in progressive revelation, and his broad and advanced views on inspiration, and his grand catholicity, which transcended all sectarian lines and fastened on points of agreement rather than of difference, were worthy of his noble scholarship and his wide historic outlook. In Biblical exegesis he worked from the historical point of view. A disciple of Neander and not of Baur, he had Baur's keen perception of the vital relation of historic environment to Biblical study, along with Neander's profound sense of God in history. He valued no dogma that was not founded upon sound exegesis, and he was once heard to remark about a commentary which signally violated that principle: "The book is an anachronism." He was never scared by an exegetical knot, and never satisfied with cutting instead of untying it. Naturally, his robust and larger orthodoxy excited the fears and suspicions of men who could not measure him nor handle his tools. One editor, who was overburdened with care for the Church's orthodoxy, oracularly announced that Dr. Schaff was no representative of the Presbyterian Church. If that were true, so much the worse for the Presbyterian Church. Any Church which could not be represented by Dr. Schaff's Biblical learning, simple faith, splendid catholicity, and personal purity and uprightness, would be in very sorry case.

Enshrined in the admiring recognition of the best minds of Europe and America, cherished in the memory of hosts of loving friends, stamped upon the scholarship and preaching of hundreds of successful ministers, departing in the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in charity with all mankind, and in peace with God—he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

Union Theological Seminary.

Municipal Hygienic Observatories

By Frank Waldo

With the crowding together of people in large cities to such an extent that we now have several of the latter with populations of one million, or thereabouts, there has been a great increase in the precautionary measures which are instituted by municipalities in order to preserve the best conditions for public health. It requires careful and systematic observations to show the degree of success attained in these endeavors. Our city engineers locate sewers so that proper drainage may be secured; our health officers look after the sanitary condition of the streets; our water-works board tries to keep us supplied with pure water; and many other departments are charged with duties of like importance.

I wish to call attention to an institution which should be established in every large city as an aid to the administration of these various bureaus. This institution may be properly called a municipal observatory; and I can best describe its functions by a brief mention of the work accomplished by the one already established at Paris. Probably every reader of this article has heard of the famous astronomical observatory at Paris, but it is doubtful if one in a thousand of our visitors to that city is aware of the existence of the municipal observatory of Montsouris, which is located near the city wall, and consequently farther from the most frequented centers than the astronomical observatory, but in the same quarter of the city as the latter.

The creation of the observatory of Montsouris was due to the influential services of M. Dumas, and it may be said to have started into life with the law providing for its maintenance, which bears the date July 27, 1870. The details of its organization were completed under the direction of M. Charles Sainte-Claire Deville. It was not until 1876, however, that the present scope of investigation was undertaken. In that year a civic appropriation of 12,000 francs was made for the purpose of studying the relations of meteorology and hygiene. This appropriation

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was increased to 20,000 francs. The work thus provided for was carried out by M. Marié-Davy, who became director of the observatory in 1873; and later a number of minor co-operative stations were established in other quarters of Paris.

There are three principal sections into which the work of the observatory is divided, and these are as follows:

First, the observation of the usual elements of terrestrial physics and meteorology, made with special reference to their application to the climatology and hygiene of Paris; also the control of similar work in the subsidiary stations for observing in various quarters of Paris.

Second, the chemical analysis of free air in various quarters of Paris and in the municipal buildings; the study of the chemical composition of the water distributed in Paris for public and private use; the study of the chemical composition of the water in the sewers, and of the water which returns to the river (Seine) after the drainage has passed through the ground; analysis of subterranean water taken at regular intervals from pits at points above and below Paris; study of the action of processes of filtration of water which may be proposed for municipal use.

Third, a micrographical study of the air, the soil and water, by obtaining statistics concerning microbes and bacteria that may in any way affect animal life or agriculture; the variations produced by changes in meteorological conditions to which bacteria are subjected; the comparative study of organisms to be found in free and confined air; and, in general, this section investigates micrographically the same material that the *second* section submits to a chemical analysis.

Each year this observatory publishes a little volume containing a vast amount of interesting matter, the result both of compilations and observations; this is in addition to the frequent regular bulletins showing the condition of the city so far as the elements under consideration are concerned. This book is sold for half a dollar, which low price enables every one who has need of a copy to purchase it. It contains a good current almanac for Paris; a description of the various meteorological instruments used at the observatory, with the tables necessary for interpreting their readings; a complete résumé of the old meteorological observations made at Paris (to date); a complete description of the climate of Paris based on these observations; a complete and detailed review of the weather in Paris during the preceding year: this occupies perhaps two hundred and twenty-five pages. Then follow about one hundred and sixty pages giving the results of the chemical analyses, and one hundred and fifty pages giving the results of the micrographical studies. Moreover, the different forms of apparatus used are carefully described.

It would take pages to give any idea of the full extent of the matter published, and all that can be done here is to call attention to its usefulness. There is scarcely a point on which the authorities of Paris, or the individual engineers, physicians, etc., desire information concerning the conditions prevailing at Paris, which cannot be found among the records of the observatory. In matters concerning local climate, here is indisputable evidence of exactly what has occurred; as regards polluted water the observatory can furnish warning to users before it can become injurious; and in times of contagious diseases the earliest appearance of microbes will be detected by the skilled observer having this section of the work in charge.

We need just such an observatory in each one of our large, and prospectively large, cities. In some cases a portion of this work is already performed under the jurisdiction of different boards of control; and where this is so, a reorganization will bring the whole work under the management of a single scientist. In New York, for instance, there is the Central Park meteorological observatory, which is well equipped for its special work, and it is very well located for the supervision of the chemical and microscopical examinations above enumerated. So that, if the work of this nature which is now done by experts employed by the water-works and Board of Health were transferred to the Central Park observatory, and provision made for the uninterrupted continuance of these at present only occasional observations, the total expense would probably not exceed the present amount expended. The establishment of such a municipal observatory in a single city in our country would undoubtedly be followed by a like provision for the continuous, systematic study of local hygienic conditions by other cities.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME"

That night the Baron went back to Cleves.

An hour or two before his arrival Wendela sat strumming wearily on the boarding-house piano. It was a very bad piano, but this, to Wendela, was no additional affliction.

"One, two, three," counted the Baroness. "Wendela, you are not keeping time."

"Oh, what does it matter, mamma? The tune comes right all the same."

"Not to those who distinguish properly. I thought it was my daughter's ambition to do everything well?"

"So it is, mamma. Oh dear; one, two, three!" And Wendela paddled on.

Presently a nervous little Swiss body thrust her head through the door, then drew back with a couple of openings and shuttings, and finally entered and sat down. Many people cannot enter a public sitting-room in any other way. "Shall we be disturbing you, Mademoiselle?" asked the Baroness. "Not in the least," replied the little lady, in much trepidation, certainly saying the reverse of what she meant. Fräulein Drix was "exceedingly musical," and as Wendela's ten fingers went staggering over immovable stumbling-blocks, the poor creature vibrated behind the Review she was endeavoring to read.

The clock struck, and the musician dropped the piano-lid with a bang, which covered her mother's sigh of relief. The piece Wendela had been playing was Haydn's "Surprise." Very surprised would he have been to hear it was his.

"Do you consider it advisable, Madame," said Fräulein Drix, in a flutter of sudden resolve, "that *all* children should be taught the piano?" Wendela, who was gathering her books together, paused to listen. The Fräulein gasped at her own temerity as she met the stare of the Baroness's pale eyes. Pale eyes can look haughtier than dark ones, and it was the one lady's look which answered the other. Aloud, Mevrouw van Rexelaer merely said, "I like my daughter to learn it," in leaving the room. The doctor remarked next morning that Fräulein Drix was not so well.

The Baroness was white to the lips as she took her usual seat by the window. She was a woman of immeasurable pride; she had always been accustomed to a tranquil supremacy of gentle patronage, unassuming, doubtless, where only condescension was required. Seclusion—intermediary servility—it is the one great blessing which rank and wealth bestow. The Baroness knew little of the world outside her, till she differed with "Auguste" about the cleanness of the dinner-plates. Nor did she know too much of the world within her—what stronghold still lay there unconquered—till intercourse with the ladies of Frau Schultze's second-rate Pension came unpleasantly to her assistance. She loathed the little, squalid, quarrelsome life.

"But, mamma," began Wendela, abruptly. "Perhaps she is right. I hate playing. And you said yourself I had an excellent voice."

"Your ear must be trained first, Wendela; it is far too imperfect. Allow your mother to judge. And do you remember: Seed-time is my time; Harvest-time is God's."

Wendela threw her arms round her mother's neck with a warmth of embrace which would have astonished Fräu-

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lein Drix: "I wonder whether it ever really happened," she said, "Guido van Rexelaer casting his seed on the submerged fields in the Spanish troubles, and the harvest coming up just the same. Tell me about it again, mother. When you tell me, it sounds true."

"Of course it is true. How often have I not told you before?"

"Yes, I know. But it all seems too beautiful to be real. Beautiful things never really happen, I think. It's only the ugly and nasty and wicked that come true." The girl spoke with passionate conviction, shaking back the brown locks from her honest brow. Then, suddenly, she embraced her mother again with vehement hugs and kisses. "You tell me, mother," she repeated, "about good things, and God, and the Saints. When you tell me it sounds true, and I think I understand."

"Hush, hush!" answered the Baroness, gently disengaging herself. "My little daughter must not wish to understand too much. Go and wash your hands, dear child; it is nearly time for supper."

Wendela ran off to her own room, a pale-cheeked, earnest-eyed child, impetuous of thought and movement, yet dreamy withal. In the hideousness of the present, the dream-life had deepened around her as a sheltering cloud. Nurturing her beauty-sick soul upon the splendors of fairy tales, she had escaped into regions of blissful unreality, where she delighted to wander, in endless imaginings, with a fairy hero of her own creating, to whom she did homage as her lord. Of course he was handsome, though she had never distinguished his features, virtuous as one of her mother's saints, and as a lion strong.

She would not have been a daughter of her race had she not identified this fairy prince with one of her own great ancestors; he was Pilgrim van Rexelaer, the "Knight Pilgrim," whose marble effigy sleeps in the Chapel (its visor closed in its saintly humility), the Crusader to whom the modern version of the family legend ascribes the deliverance of the maiden Wendela. Not for one moment did the girl's strong brain confuse the actual and the unreal. All things existent, as she had said to her mother, were ugly and evil; she deliberately turned her back upon them and roved away into the mystic forest, where a Saracen Chieftain pounced forth from behind the pine-trees and Knight-Pilgrim came riding up on a milk-white steed.

"For shame, Wanda!" said her mother, entering. "The supper-bell has rung!"

Wendela tumbled off the bed. "Oh, mamma," she said, "I wish you need never have disturbed me. I was so happy, over yonder, in the wood. In the dear wood."

The Baroness knew nothing of her daughter's dreamings, except that she was too often dreamy; but it did not require any such knowledge to understand the allusion to Deynum. "God sends us the present to live in, not the past," she said. "Get ready, child, and come down."

They went into the supper-room together, and there they found the meal and its appendages awaiting them: tea made from hay, fat liver-sausage, and frizzling potato-pancake; and, furthermore, half a dozen superfluous-looking personages who talked, dismally, at intervals, about the weather and about themselves. "Superfluous-looking," because there really seemed no reason why any of these creatures should exist, excepting the fact that each of them probably possessed a pittance to spend upon herself and thus to keep herself carefully, grumblingly, and uselessly alive. Before the repast was concluded, Mynheer van Rexelaer joined the party, and was greeted with a little cackle of interest. Most of the ladies felt a certain tenderness for the good "Herr Baron;" true, he was married.—My dear, if you will shut the door, we will have a talk about that wife of his—he was married, undeniably, but he was the only gentleman in the house. As a rule, he gave them very little satisfaction. To-day, again, after lengthening periods of silence, they picked themselves up one by one, and carried themselves away—for thus only can the manner be described in which they departed from the table with their various shawls, work-bags, and other weaknesses.

Even when left alone with his wife and child, the Baron did not break through his reserve. He confined his brief utterances to the incidents of the journey, and answered all questions with reluctance. "But I want to know everything about everything," said Wendela. He told her that her pets at the Castle had been disposed of: "Then I want to hear nothing about nothing any more," said the girl. A year ago she would have burst into a passion of crying; now she sat gazing silently, until, with an especially affectionate farewell to the Baroness, she wished her parents good-night.

The Baron took up the little German "Tageblatt." Presently he said, without lifting his eyes from it: "I hope you have been comfortable during my absence?"

"Oh yes, we are comfortable. How can you ruin your eyes, mon ami"—the Baroness did not read German—"by this wretched light? The lamp smells again; the woman refuses to clean it."

The Baron laid down the newspaper. He sat shading his face with his hand, and presently he said, as one who thinks aloud: "The old home."

Madame van Rexelaer dropped her cards. "Tell me," she said; "I am longing to know. It is that still."

He drew back his hand quickly and looked full at her. "Is it?" he said, eagerly. "To you?"

"I envy you, dearest, for having seen it again."

He started to his feet. "Would you," he said, in a trembling voice. "Could you—" he remained looking dumbly at his wife, unable to proceed.

She stretched out both her arms to him. "Come here to me," she said. "It is the one thing I have been longing for, but not daring to ask."

And thus it was that the old Rexelaers came back to live at Deynum.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BORCKS

The village meanwhile had got accustomed to the new ones.

As, day after day, the green shutters were flung open, to the slow rising of the winter sun, all round the weather-beaten sides of the Castle, those villagers whose errands brought them up to the offices gazed in pleasant approval of the fact that these numerous eyes still smiled down upon them and their merchandise. The saying had been that the family was only coming for Christmas. They were still here, and Joost Hakkert's monthly bill alone exceeded a hundred and fifty florins. Joost Hakkert was delighted. The Baron had left no debts, it is true, but he had always paid slowly, while buying little; Count Rexelaer's ready money came pouring into the village, and the village, as it felt, smelt, jingled, and crackled it, hurrah'd for Count Rexelaer. One morning the tailor met Hakkert's youngest son in the Castle courtyard bending beneath his basket-load of meat. "And does your father still insult the strangers?" he asked in passing. The foolish, beefsteak-faced lad stopped and stared.

One class there was which had full cause to regret the White Baroness. It is a large one, and at Deynum that lady had perhaps unnecessarily enlarged it. Margherita, on her part, had no wish not to be charitable, but that very common attitude is of little practical avail. The Count intrusted his systematized charities to Dievert, and every gentleman who has found out his steward (some, alas! have not yet done so) will understand what that meant. Dievert now often deplored that he had not had the management of the old Baron's largesse.

Meanwhile the whole regiment of workmen were busy all over the Castle, and herein he could find sufficient cause for rejoicing. Margherita, who possessed genuine taste and considerable knowledge of the lower forms of art, had thrown herself, with fitful energy, into the work of renovation and redecoration, and her husband did not check her capricious expenditure, although, unfortunately for Dievert, he checked the resultant bills. He was glad to afford some relief to the melancholy which would settle on the Creole's face as she stood looking forth on the ice-bound moat, and the snow, and the scraggy trees. Much as she had complained at the Hague, she had never yet understood how wintry winter is. Would she go back? Ah,

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no; she had a nervous dread, at this moment, of the city's tittle-tattle about the "Scene at the Railway Station," which was being diligently worked by the "Rads." Margherita had plenty of passion at her command for a fine burst of emotion, but she could not stand the wear of a lagging, nagging annoyance.

After a few weeks Mevrouw Elizabeth van Rexelaer returned to her relations at the Castle. She brought Jane with her, and also Cécile Borck, her dead brother's child, a shy, simple-hearted girl. Grandmamma Borck had her dear friend, the Countess de Bercy, staying with her, and Cécile's presence hampered their talk. In spite of her orphanhood and modesty, Cécile was not a nobody in the Borck family; her father had misallied himself to one of the Koopstad Lossells and had left her fifty thousand pounds in the funds. Grandmamma looked after her and them.

She came, therefore, to see, and be seen of, her cousins, the Borcks of Rollingen, and Mevrouw Elizabeth, her aunt (who had missed the dear people at Christmas), ostensibly did the same. The new owners of Deynum were glad of this bridge of communication with their powerful neighbor, but they would hardly have tolerated Mevrouw Elizabeth's early reappearance, had not other considerations come to the fore. Young Simmans, the functionary charged with the Countess's "procès-verbal," was very intimate at the house of Judge Rexelaer; he was even credited with aspiring to the hand of the Freule Jane. Had Jane been less plain, this presumption would have been resented, for Simmans was nobody's son but his father's.

"When you are down there," said the Dowager to her daughter, "you can write to Henry Simmans to come and see you and find out the facts from Margherita. She is a fool. I barely know her, but you can tell her so from me. In my youth the populace took pleasure in the noble arrogance of their superiors; the times have changed, and the best thing for us to do is to keep as quiet as we can. Like the rich Jews of the Middle Ages that used to wear the filthier rags. From the height of my eighty years' experience I say: Society scandals to-day are society suicides, and should be punished by society as such." She struck her cane on the floor, and sat angrily twitching her poor old mouth, which was fallen in over her peaked chin. She was seventy-three, but her daughter knew better than to contradict her. She had been thirty till she was fifty, and had then leaped into precipitate old age.

"Live as badly or as madly as you will," she added, after a moment, "but build your park walls high."

"Quite so," said Mevrouw Elizabeth, who was nothing if not practical. "And I shall take down Jane, mamma, and I might also take Antoinette. Dear René is so attached to Antoinette."

"They are children," replied the Dowager. "I have never paid much attention to the attachments of children. But, by all means, take Jane. It will be dull enough for Simmans."

"We shall have him proposing from ennui," laughed Mevrouw Elizabeth, with an attempt at playfulness which did not at all "suit her style."

"As most men do," retorted the Dowager.

So Mevrouw van Rexelaer departed for Deynum with Jane and Cécile, the Countess having declined the pleasure of Topsy's company, "because Reinout was once more occupied with his lessons." "As if *I* could not have brought Miss Wilson," said Reinout's disappointed aunt. Jane had pulled a face at the prospect of more Deynum in winter. "You can draw, you know," suggested her plump sister Rolline. "Yes; that's what I'm taken for," said plain-spoken Jane.

The Borcks of Rollingen called the day after their cousin's arrival, most unfortunately missing the Count, who had left for a period of "duty" at the palace. They were almost cordial to Mevrouw Elizabeth, and gracious to Margherita. "And was that dark, olive-complexioned boy the Countess's son?"—the lady from Rollingen put up her eye-glass. "He is very handsome; do you not think so, John? He understands French? Oh, never mind; plenty of people will tell him that." "I am glad we are co-religionists," she said to Margherita in parting, not knowing, or forgetting, the Countess's change of creed. She promised to call again.

Margherita "did not care," as long as she knew people to bow to. Just now she was entirely engrossed by the construction of a glass excrescence to her sitting-room, which would hang like a huge balcony over the moat. She took her visitors to see this. "It does not match a bit with the rest of the fortress-like building," said Elizabeth. "It does not," admitted the lady of Rollingen, frankly. Margherita knew that better than her visitors, but she must have a corner for her plants and her pets. "Did Mevrouw Borck like pets?" Mevrouw Borck detested them, and had fortunately not observed the recumbent Florizel, who had soiled the train of her dress during the visit. It was Cécile who timidly hinted, in her desire to say something kind, that houses built out of the water were known to be less damp than houses beside it. The Baroness Borck, tactless as she herself was, lifted her perpetual eye-glass and looked kindly at this young bearer of her name. "You must come and stay with us some day, my dear," she said. "We ought to know you better." Cécile blushed crimson: "I should be delighted, Mevrouw, but I am always with grandmamma Borck." The Baron of Rollingen said little about the visit on the way home. Once only he opened his eyes, in the midst of his wife's chatter. "A tragedy in six words," he said. "'I am always with grandmamma Borck.'"

And Harry Simmans came down to the Castle, to visit Mevrouw Elizabeth, and the Count asked him, after dinner, to stay for a day or two. Margherita took no notice. The weather being milder, the transfer of the tropical birds had been sanctioned by their medical attendant. They traveled down in glass cases, heated by spirits of wine.

"They are all that is left me of home," said the Countess. She cried as she let them loose in the "excrescence."

The Countess's only son, meanwhile, released from his early solitude, made friends with all the animate and inanimate world around him. As long as his tutor remained away, he multiplied unpleasant pets and fraternized with village urchins; Monsieur de Souza, on his return, represented this terrible state of affairs in no measured terms to the Count. "René s'encanaille." The words fell like a thunderbolt. It was the one thing which his whole education had been destined to avoid. The poor boy, who had been debarred from the friendship of his equals, found pleasure in the society of such children as could not distinguish his peculiarities. The Count listened horror-struck. "René s'encanaille."

"He never reads," said the Countess. "Intercourse with great minds is the sole education. I have always said so. Go into the library, René." And Reinout, who felt bored, wandered away, with his hands in his pockets, along the endless lines of books.

"Ma chère, I regretfully disagree with you," said the Count, following his wife into her boudoir. "The boy will get no good from all the rubbish in there. I never read through half a dozen books in my life, except when I was working for my degree. Reinout is to enter the diplomatic service. And for that he is being fitted as few men have been. He is learning by De Souza's experience what others have to learn by their own."

"Of course he will become a diplomatist," replied Margherita, languidly arranging some striped camellias. "But that is only the background. My son is to be more than that—a prophet, a teacher, an immortal!"

"Eh?" said the Count. "Oh, you mean: verses. Don't put foolish ideas into his head, Margot. Literature wouldn't keep you in bonbons; and, besides, it isn't work for a gentleman."

"And Hugo, then, who is a Count? And Musset? and Châteaubriand? And Lamartine?"

"Châteaubriand?" repeated the Count. "He is a beef-steak—or he invented one, or something. What has he to do with René?"

"Go back to your—diplomatic avocations," replied the

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Countess, quietly. "And leave me to build up the future glory of my child."

"But why not?" said Van Rexelaer, carelessly, looking at his watch. "As long as you make a gentleman of him first."

The Countess Margherita dashed her flowers violently to the ground. "Gentleman! Gentleman!" she repeated, "I am sick of the refrain; and you, Monsieur le Comte, I suppose *you* are a type of a gentleman?"

"But—Margherita—"

She came close to him. Involuntarily he shrank back. "A gentleman," she said, "is a man who breaks all the commandments—genteelly, and who keeps his—linen scrupulously clean." And she quitted the room.

Hilarius was left standing opposite his own rather stupid face in the glass. "Follies!" he said, and went to keep his appointment with—never mind.

Surely no woman was ever wholly bad. Surely not even the best of men was ever entirely worthy of a good woman.

[To be continued]

The Spectator

Autumn had come, and the summer people, who each year swarm like so many drones in the more pretty New England villages, had gone. Accordingly, the church which had been built by the city people, and depended on them for both congregation and minister, was closed; and so it came about that one Sunday morning the Spectator, on his way to church, had to pass by this little house of worship, quite desolate now, though only a week before its approaches had been filled with a gay stream of white and pink and lilac gowns, crisp and cool with Sunday freshness. Moving on along the village street, the Spectator found himself one of a long but very different line of church-goers. The farmers who lived near enough the church to walk, trudged along in their Sunday boots, with jerky movements, as if expecting with every step to sink into a plow-furrow; the seafaring men had little of the sailor roll—these were men more used to fishing craft, small sailboats and yawls, and the roll of the deck had been stiffened out of their joints by cramped quarters and searching fogs. The thin, overworked women walked nervously and ungracefully; nor were the round-faced boys and girls much less awkward.

❀

A half-mile beyond the village, between it and another one, stood the church. It was painted white, and glistened in the clear autumn air as if newly scrubbed. Built in the Colonial style, it had Grecian columns at the corners and a graceful cornice in front. Over the cornice were two dates—one telling of the founding of the church, centuries ago, the other of its rebuilding. It had not been without famous, or at least original, pastors; here preached the man who, for many years before his death, hid his face with a veil of black crape—the penance for some youthful offense. But now the Spectator found that the preacher was a young man, smooth-faced and curly-haired. He glanced about the church, smiling and nodding in an informal, boyish way at his parishioners; these returned his greeting in a manner that told of liking for their young pastor. A large bunch of stiff, bright-colored yard-flowers stood in a bowl on his desk; he bent over them, and for a moment buried his face among the gorgeous petals. A fresh-cheeked girl, who was one of the choir and sat behind the little parlor organ, blushed at this sign of the young minister's appreciation, looking so conscious and delighted that every one, who had not known it before, now knew the donor of the flowers.

❀

After the usual prayers and singing, a short sermon was preached to the children—a kind of "children's page" prefacing the morning's discourse. Before beginning it, the preacher asked the children to stand up, so that he could see them; and when they had been duly urged and prodded by their parents, a goodly number got awkwardly to their feet. Perhaps in this little sermon the preacher went somewhat far in straining after absolute simplicity and childish simile. Yet, on the whole, it was a success; the children, feeling that this sermon was for them alone, listened with a kind of proprietorship interest. After this came the main sermon—a rather long discourse on the questions involved in the Briggs controversy. The progressive spirit which pervaded it was tempered with a prudent conservatism; but, notwithstanding this, some of the congregation shook their heads and looked at each other gravely; others smiled in triumphant approval. Evidently they were divided as to doctrines; but there was something in their patient faces which indicated that nearly all the congregation (and this was especially true of the women) made common cause in striving after the Christian virtues.

❀

In the pew in front of the Spectator were an old couple and their grown daughter. The man was still sturdy, though gaunt and bent, his rounded back telling of constant wrestling with a rock-ribbed New England farm. When the sermon was begun, he took off his spectacles, putting them into a shiny pewter case (at one time pewter spectacle-cases must have been fashionable in the community, for several of the older men had them), and leaned back comfortably in the corner of the pew. In a few minutes his eyes closed. The daughter, from beyond her mother, eyed him uneasily and at last whispered: "Wake him, ma; see how them Pardy girls are lookin' at him an' gigglin'. He does look foolish." The older woman looked at him placidly and benevolently. "I won't do no such thing, Abbie. I guess he worked hard enough yesterd'y gettin' in them oats to earn rest. An' it don't matter if he don't listen: he's made up his mind 'bout all this fuss 'bout Dr. Briggs long ago; an' as fur righteous livin', I guess father knows as much 'bout thet as this young man—likely as he is!"

❀

In the first leaf of the hymn-book in the Spectator's pew there was written with painful care: "John, on his eighteenth birthday, from his loving mother, Sally Henderson." A few days before, while driving along a seldom-used road that led back from the highway, the Spectator had come upon one of those piteous little burial-plots with which most of the farms in that region are provided (as if New England farmers, like the world-loving Cæsars, had need to be reminded of death). One stone was quite new, but the grave it marked was already overrun with bushes. The superscription was visible: "Sally, wife of Jacob Henderson, aged 65 years." A sad picture had been suggested of the overworked wife of the tiller of this stony farm, her devotion probably unappreciated, her toil taken for granted. Here, in this hymnal, was perhaps another bit of news of that same Sally Henderson. There had been a little love-color in her later years, after all. Let us hope that only John's absence permitted the grave to look neglected.

❀

Now the sermon was almost done, and the scrubbed, beribboned little girls who had sat bolt upright, stolid and fat, each holding a bunch of flowers in her chubby hand—such contrasts in every way to their thin, plainly dressed mothers—became expectant, as if relief ought to be near at hand. No sooner was the sermon ended and the benediction pronounced than the preacher hurried from the pulpit and down the aisle. At the door he turned and talked with the people as they slowly passed out. It was not merely formal. Inquiries for sick members of the family, news of absent ones—a hundred different matters had to be remembered and asked about; many of the church members lived on distant farms and could not often be visited. At last the Spectator's turn came, and, as the other people had gone, he and the minister talked for some time. "Though they live in an out-of-the-way corner, they're not far behindhand," said the young minister, summing up in the matter of his parishioners. "And when it comes to religion they're a match for any one. That little old man who was just talking to me takes three religious weeklies, and reads them—and don't get muddled by all he finds in them, either." As the Spectator came out of the door, he was joined by a man who had lingered a moment on the sunny church steps. They walked on together, the talk turning on the deserted look of the village, now empty of summer visitors. "To tell the truth," said the man, "we're glad to hev 'em go; they make lots of trouble, an' it's all work fur us when they're here. But we hev good times ourselves, I tell ye, after all these hoighty-toighty misses an' boys in their gay dresses and flannels is gone. Yes, sir, there's not a better sociable in New England than we can get up right here!"

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was alive for use part of the time. This state of things demanded the attention of the local, if not of the State, Board of Health. Why was this condition tolerated? Because the inhabitants did not realize the danger that threatened the health of the community every day.

Mistaken kindness and indifference have been, and will continue to be for many years to come, the occasion for erecting tombstones. Communistic interest in public affairs, such as health, morals, and education, marks a degree of intelligence reached by the majority of the people of any community—not that passive interest which is merely knowing, but active interest that not only knows, but compels obedience to, law.

It is said that the Alaska Indians will not eat strawberries unless they are churned up with rancid oil. A writer in the Chicago "Tribune" says that there is a luxuriant growth of wild berries in Alaska. Gooseberries, raspberries, and cranberries, this writer says, ripen there to perfection.

Hypnotism in the control of a scientist may be a blessing; in the control of an amateur it is a curse. No intelligent person would encourage experiments in hypnotism in a mixed company. The temptation, to one who has the power, to use it in and out of season is too great. People are careless in using forces of the strength of which they have no knowledge. Every force has in it a reacting power, and is a menace alike to the one who uses it and the one upon whom it is used.

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The Value of an Ideal

By Dora Read Goodale

In the minds of many, the Ideal is set off against the Real: to the one belong all hard facts, such as sensible men are content to walk among; to the other is assigned some limbo of chimeras and will-o'-the-wisps. What a mistake! The ideal is of all realities most absolute; it is the basis of the actual (which people confound with the real). Imperfection implies perfection.

> Not a natural flower can grow on earth
> Without a flower upon the spiritual side,
> Substantial, archetypal.

A man's ideal is thus, in the truest sense, himself. All progress implies an ideal of some sort—that is, a standard. The man whose ideal of a house is a round hut thatched with palm-leaves, but ampler in size and closer in weave than those of the chiefs of his tribe, will naturally not seek to surpass that standard, any more than he will succeed in quite reaching it. As the knowledge and powers of a people increase, its conceptions expand, and new conceptions create new ways of living, new aims, and new necessities. It is much the same with the individual; more or less consciously, he forms a working theory of life and proceeds in accordance with it. It is founded on his conception of the potential—in other words, on an ideal.

No greater thing can happen to us in our youth, or, indeed, at any time, than to know a man or a woman who

[1] Soule Photograph Company, Boston.

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can stand as in some sort an ideal to us. All secondary sources of inspiration dwindle beside this of contact with a strong, wise, good human being. The living lip, the living eye—wonderful is the power of them! "Personality," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "is the divinest thing in the world, because it is the only creative thing. . . . Through personality a divine force continually flows into the world; through personality new revelations of human life are made and new aspects and forms of beauty disclosed. Every powerful personality is an open channel through which new truth comes among men." Such men as Lincoln, and Emerson, and Dr. Dewey, and General Armstrong, and Phillips Brooks, have enlarged the ideals of thousands in our country and times who only knew them in the pulpit or on the platform; their manhood seized hold irresistibly on those who saw and heard. It was Garfield who said that he would rather have a bare bench with Mark Hopkins on one end and himself on the other, than the whole working equipment of the costliest college in America! I know of no blessing more to be coveted for a family than an acquaintance with a man like those I have spoken of; it will be remembered and prized when food and drink are forgotten, and clothes and furnishings have returned to their dust. Nor is it, by any means, only the famous and eminent who furnish their fellows with a human ideal. Very simple people have been known to do it—young girls, and poor school-teachers, and unhandsome clerks, and hard-worked ministers' wives. We look back half-pityingly and say, Their lot was a poor one, their opportunities narrow, their talents ordinary, their deeds were not such as fire men's minds—no sublime example of courage or loyalty or self-sacrifice: yet surely in them some part of the divine excellence was made manifest.

And to art, which for countless generations has been the "witness of what is behind this show," the teacher and molder of every race under the sun, what immeasurable gratitude is due! Somewhere in the pages of literature we find our ideal of womanhood—in the virtuous woman of Solomon, whose union of power and repose should put reformers and anti-reformers to the blush; in Homer's Nausicäa, of clear, bright, spotless maidenly fame; in Chaucer's Griselda, that sad, heroic soul, as much like the popular spiritless notion of her as Moses is like "the meekest man;" in

> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill

of her whom Wordsworth immortalized—

> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;

in the heroines of numberless stories, ballads, and plays—most, perhaps, in the women of Shakespeare, who make beauty and intellect and goodness itself more real to us; and in that vague but mighty principle, "the eternal Feminine," which at the close of "Faust" is seen, sphinx-like, "brooding the world." All ages have held up these visions before the eyes of mankind, and, amid whatever superstitions, their truth has made them imperishable. From one of the ancient scriptures of India are taken these lines, which any modern matron might put under her pillow to dream on:

> A wife is half the man, his truest friend;
> A loving wife is a perpetual spring
> Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
> Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;
> A sweetly speaking wife is a companion
> In solitude, a father in advice,
> A mother in all seasons of distress,
> A rest in passing through life's wilderness.

Such words, received into the heart and made a living ideal, are more powerful to check the hasty word and unworthy act than a thousand labored precepts and dry resolves. And love, duty, heroism—every image and end toward which humanity strives—has been set forth as gloriously.

Painters and sculptors, too, are prophets of the ideal. Without the statues of Greece, pagan gods though they are, we should scarcely dream of the likeness in which we were fashioned. I know a parlor, a very shrine of the ugly and the commonplace except for the presence of a single fine cast, a Venus of Melos, which betrays the aspirations of a younger daughter; and I never go in there without feeling its influence shed like visible light over the room. So a great picture—Michael Angelo's Adam, or Titian's St. Elizabeth, or Raphael's Sistine Madonna (to mention no others)—even in reproduction, makes its own atmosphere; while in the home where there is music and the love of it, there is an open way out of the cares and perplexities of life—a ladder to heaven, and one not unvisited by angels.

What every man craves, and of necessity seeks, is for his highest thought some embodiment—not *the* ideal only, but *an* ideal. Christianity gave to the world a living example, and wherever that example is cherished it lives again. Every man, moreover, entertains a half-formulated personal standard, or what we may call a practical ideal of his own conduct; it is drawn partly from his estimate of himself, partly from that of others, and forms one of the most powerful determining factors in his life. Love idealizes—and to idealize is the crown and glory of love. Of all the services we can render our fellows, I should put this first: to act steadily, consistently, and sincerely upon an idealized view of them.

The Belfry Light

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

"Now who's that at the door this time o' night?" said Aunt Keziah, without stopping her needles.

But we spoke not a word; only Dolly, who sat on the stool beside me, clasped her hands on her blue checked apron, and her eyes looked large and bright in the firelight.

"Well"—Aunt Keziah peered over her spectacles—'why don't you get up 'n' see?"

Then Dolly turned her gaze on me, and I put down the wood I was whittling into a boat and went to the door.

As I unlatched it another knock sounded, and then a gust of wind swung it open and pushed me behind it, and at the same time blew in a queer, witchlike figure, who, with her long cloak flapping about her, seemed swept straight to the fire on the gale. She stood there, her black eyes snapping first at Aunt Keziah, then at Dolly, while I forgot to close the door.

"Why, Mother Sheflo, how did you get across the meadow this night? David, shut the door," said Aunt Keziah.

"With the wind! With the wind!" the little old woman spoke in a cracked voice; and as she reached to stand her stick in the chimney-corner, Dolly shrunk back almost off the stool.

"Well, it's a wonder you don't get your death, that's all," said Aunt Keziah, still knitting. "David, fetch a chair."

Mother Sheflo perched herself on the proffered chair. Her feet did not reach the floor. Her quilted hood showed loose strands of sparse gray hair, and her eyes blinked sharply as she seized my jacket-sleeve with one hand, which I thought looked like a bird's claw.

"Nice boy, good boy!" she said, peering into my face. "He don't throw stones—no, no!"

I flushed hotly with guilt, and refused to meet her piercing eyes, for the day before I had thrown a stone at Captain, Mother Sheflo's cat, as I passed her cottage; and all the village knew that Mother Sheflo's cat was wondrous wise.

"No! no!" she repeated.

"No!" said Dolly, and then put her finger in her mouth.

Mother Sheflo's eyes blinked rapidly. "Bad boys stone Captain, and he knows 'em! Ay, he knows 'em all, every one! He follows 'em about! He knows a bit, does Captain! Nice boy, good boy!" The last words were addressed to me, and she smiled sideways as she released my arm. I drew back, relieved, into the shadow of the chimney. Dolly was twisting her apron into a knot, but her great eyes were on Mother Sheflo. "Get my death,

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you say, Keziah Allan? Get my death?" croaked the old woman. "Not this night! There's death out yonder on the sea; there's life on land—life, life!" She began to croon to herself. Her skinny hands were locked together, and her eyes were on the fire.

"You must ha' caught it, then," said Aunt Keziah, "or you'd never ha' got way over here in a wind like this."

"I ride! I ride!" muttered the old woman.

"'Tisn't a broom," said Dolly, putting a plump finger on the cane in the chimney-corner, and drawing it back suddenly.

"Ho, ho! Hear the baby! Would you like to ride some night, my pretty one, up, up, up where the doves whisper in the belfry?"

Dolly shook her head with a frightened look, and drew back nearer me.

"Ah, you're afraid the naughty boys will stone you for a white dove! Naughty boys, not good ones like him!" she pointed a skinny finger at me, and in the shadow I felt her black eyes reading my thoughts, for that very day I had stoned a belfry dove, and the doves belonged to Letty, the parson's housekeeper.

"How they chatter and whisper, the doves that fly through the village, and carry away the words and doings of men! I know 'em! They've told me many a thing o' wild nights when I've gone to see if the lamp was set. Nights like this—the kind that washes 'em in, washes 'em in! Go look"—she nodded at me—"go see if the lamp is set in the belfry."

I went to the window and drew the curtain. A great wind shook the house. I heard the breakers battling far off, as I loved to imagine them in the night, making through the darkness the sounds of drum and cannon. Outside was solid blackness, save for one streak of light which shone straight outward—the light in the belfry tower.

"It's there," I said, returning to the chimney-corner.

"So that's what brought you," spoke Aunt Keziah to the old woman. "I thought as much! Why don't you keep in your bed a night like this? The parson 'll have the light set, never fear!"

"I couldn't lie quiet this night, not this night of Hallowmas, for thinking of 'em being washed in. The other was such as this, and the light went out—the light went out!"

She chanted the words, gazing into the fire.

"What put it out?" I asked, sitting down beside Dolly.

"Spirits! Bad spirits!"

"Humph! Owls and bats, more likely," said Aunt Keziah.

"They don't trouble it, you know that, Keziah Allan! It don't stay set unless I keep my eye on it, for the night they all washed in, it went out! The light went out!"

She crooned the words over and over, with her eyes upon the fire.

"It has gone out more than once when you were the first to notice it, that's the truth," said Aunt Keziah, her needles flying. "I don't believe you ever sleep o' nights!"

"Not nights like this, I can't lay quiet in my bed," said the old woman.

"Why not?" I asked, growing bolder.

"Spirits," she cried, with a sudden flame in her eyes. "They're about such nights, boy, and they move the light, and in the morning they're all washed in—washed in on the sand!"

"Law, Mother Sheflo, there ain't been any wrecks washed in for a long time, and no spirits have been about in my day," spoke Aunt Keziah, soothingly. "I've heard tell of 'em often enough, but they must have left these parts a many a year ago. It's nothin' but the wind and the bats that puts the belfry light out."

But the old woman did not seem to hear her. She looked straight at the fire. Her fingers worked nervously and her lips moved.

"Tell about 'em," I said, and Dolly nodded shyly. Then Mother Sheflo uttered in rapid monotone the words she seemed to have been saying to herself. Her eyes were still on the flames. The wind shrieked in the chimney as she spoke.

"'Twas Becky and Mary Anna Steele and Marthy Allan—your mother, Keziah—"

Aunt Keziah nodded.

"All a-bakin' in the kitchen, a-gettin' ready for the weddin'. Big cakes and little cakes, an' hams, an' pies, an' chickens—rows an' rows of 'em. Marthy Allan a-reddin' up 'n' puttin' spruce and pine over the pictures, an' wipin' chiny, an' me in the winder. All day in the winder, lookin' 'cross the bay. Breakers like them a-roarin' now—Hear 'em! Listen to 'em! That's the kind! They'll wash 'em in! It was John Allan come runnin' up the path. I saw the wind bring him along. He burst in with the wind and spray, an' Marthy Allan dropped the best blue bowl."

"'There's a boat yonder,' he says—'*his* boat!'

"'Hush!' says Mary Anna, noddin' at the winder, an' John Allan throws up his arms and runs out, 'n' I after him, an' Marthy an' Mary Anna comin' behind. Ay, but 'twas gettin' dark, an' a monster sea was roarin'. We all stayed out a-waitin' for the boat. It got mighty dark, dark as night, an' we couldn't see a thing. I got a lantern out o' the kitchen an' climbed the belfry stairs unbeknown to 'em all. Ugh, but the owls and bats hit hard an' screeched like all of 'em was doin' out yonder on shore! They hit my face an' blinded my eyes, but I didn't mind. I set the lamp in the winder an' went down again—down, down. It shone far out to the boat. Ugh, how the breakers fought that night! He always could manage a boat, couldn't he, Keziah?" Aunt Keziah nodded.

"Then all of a sudden the light went out—clean out, Keziah!" The old woman's black eyes flashed.

"So I've heard tell," said Aunt Keziah.

"All were screechin' for light. They might ha' reached 'em. John Allan said so. They wouldn't let me go out 'n the water with one. I'd ha' done it, but 'twas all John Allan a-holdin' me on shore. But they were all washed in with the mornin'. Aha, they couldn't hold me then! 'Don't let her go!' cries Marthy, a-hangin' to me. But didn't I fling her down, an' away I went to meet 'em all a-lyin' on the sand . . . Come early to the weddin'! . . . They wouldn't let me carry him, John Allan wouldn't, but I went along, an' my hair kept blowin' on his face. I put on my white frock, an' my wreath on my hair—pretty hair, Keziah—"

And again Aunt Keziah nodded.

"An' I laughed at Marthy Allan an' Mary Anna a-cryin' an' wringin' their hands. 'Twas a nice mornin'. Go look"—the old woman suddenly turned her eyes from the fire, with a return of reason in them—"go look if it's set;" and again I went to the window, and again saw the line of light streaming from the belfry tower.

"Yes," I said, "it's there."

"Ay, then I'll get home," she muttered, and, reaching her stick, she wrapped her cloak around her and hobbled to the door.

"Are you going to ride in the air?" asked Dolly, whose eyes were heavy with sleep.

"Ay, ay! Hear the pretty baby! Yes, honey, I'll go on a puff o' wind!"

"Maybe you'd best stop here," said Aunt Keziah. But Mother Sheflo was at the door.

"Captain's waitin'," she said; and as I lifted the latch she gave me a tap with her stick. "Nice boy, he don't throw stones—no, no!"

The wind rushed in and swept her outward into the darkness. I heard the breakers lash the beach, and the door slammed.

"Did she really first set the belfry light?" I asked, once more by the fire.

Aunt Keziah nodded.

"Long before my time. They say it's saved many a vessel, too."

"What put it out that night?" again I asked.

"Your grandmother used to say nobody ever knew. Owls or wind, most likely. They say the ship might ha' kept off the Cape Rock if there'd been a light, but before another could be set it went down."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, and thought awhile. Dolly's curly head had drooped forward, and in the firelight her cheek

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was the color of the big roses Aunt Keziah kept for her jar of leaves.

"What did she mean by a wedding?" I asked, presently. "Whose wedding was it?"

"Her own," said Aunt Keziah, winding her yarn; "it was *his* boat. That's when her mind went, that night. She set a light in the belfry every night for many a year, till she got so old the parson got her out o' it and had it done. She's got some sense left, but she likes to tell the story over and over. Now go to bed, both o' you!"

But Dolly could not get awake, and I took her in my arms. Her head dropped on my shoulder, and, as I started upstairs slowly, she murmured—

"Goin' to ride up 'n' up with the doves." Resting a minute on the steps, I kissed her rosy cheek, and looked back at Aunt Keziah.

"I wish I had known about it before," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Before I threw stones at Captain."

"Oh, yes; the cat's all she's got now."

Aunt Keziah looked up, with the hearth-broom in her hand.

"David," she said, "you'd best remember always that when folks are cranky in this world, there's most times been a heap to make 'em so, only other folks don't think o' that part."

A Story About Nothing

By C. A. S. Dwight

My little sister Patience and I were going to write a story together. She was to write a few sentences and then I, whereupon we would send it to some magazine. When I proposed this to her, she thought it a very admirable plan; only there was one important question to be settled at the very outset: What was the story to be about?

This puzzled us; but then we soon decided that the tale should not be about anything, for in that case it would be much more apt to be published. If it was about something, then it would be like so many other stories sent to the papers that no editor would take it; but if you couldn't tell what it was about, or if it was about nothing at all, why, of course, it wouldn't be like anything else under the sun, in which case people *might* read it for the very novelty of the thing. It would thus serve as "light reading," since evidently people could not possibly weary their minds thinking about the things in it if there was nothing at all in it to think about. That is as clear as a fog in April.

This is what I told Patience, and she seemed to think so too (but perhaps that was just because I did)—and then we tried to start ahead with the story.

"But what people shall we put in it?" said I.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Patience, "must people always be in a story, as they are in a city, or on the cars?"

"Why, I suppose so, if they want to be," I replied, confusedly.

"But if we put them in, there will be somebody in the story; and the story, by our rules, cannot be about anybody any more than about anything—besides, it started out to be about nothing."

"Well, what is nothing, Patience?"

"Why, 'nothing' is what the bees in the orchard hum about all of an August day, and the cows in the meadow low about, and the birds in the branches carol about, and at which the dogs bark stormy nights; and that Bill, the chore-boy, does all day when Gran'ther isn't looking; and that idiot Jake is always thinking about; and that I learn at school when the weather is *so* hot the last days of the summer term; and that the parson said to father he was going to get for marrying old Pete the blacksmith and Widow Snapall; and—and—why, nothing is what lots of things do, and some things are, and others want to be, and that father says his 'spectyoulations' always come to at last."

"Then, Patience, you are a Nihilist—for that, you know, means a 'nothing-man,' who says he comes from nothing and believes in nothing, and declares that he gets nothing and hopes for nothing, and tries to think that he is going at last to become nothing."

"I know nothing about Nihilists," said Patience; "and, besides, we agreed that we would not put any people or any things into this story, because then there would be nothing original in it—so let us talk about nothing again!"

"But what, then, can we say but just nothing at all?"

"Why," rejoined my little sister, "you might tell them where nothing comes from."

"Oh, yes! Well, I don't know, unless it comes from somewhere (I mean nowhere) beneath the zero-point in the thermometer-tube, or out from the golden treasury at the end of the rainbow, or from the waters of the desert mirage, or out of the House that Jack Built (but I forgot: he is a person, and we must not put him in this story), or perhaps from the North Pole that nobody can find, or the Fourth Dimension that nobody can think."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Patience, "all that sounds so wise, especially the last part—too wise indeed to be put into our story; and it sounds so sensible, too, that it seems as though it must be about something instead of about nothing—but it can't be if *you* said it, for you are always so queer and never sensible! At any rate, I am so tired of talking about nothing that let's stop and begin talking—"

"About something?"

"Yes!"

"Why, then we could not go on with the story."

"Well, let's finish, anyway!" cried Patience, impatiently; "for I'm afraid to try in this style not to think about anything or anybody for so long a time, since, if I do, I may always go on thinking about nothing at all, like idiot Jake, and never be good for anything, and be treated by the people whom we couldn't put into the story just as though I wasn't of any use in the world, because I had lost what they call 'the power of thought' or something; and"—with a pretty little yawn—"do let's stop, even if we have said nothing at all, and don't see any use in having said it, and can't find any place to stop—for I am *so* tired of this 'Story about Nothing!'"

Sunday Afternoon

Which, Babylon or New Jerusalem?[1]

By Lyman Abbott

And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.—Revelation xviii., 2.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.—Revelation xxi., 10, 11.

It will perhaps seem to us strange at first that this inspired prophet takes a city to illustrate two such diverse aspects of human life. On the one hand, the city stands for all that is evil—a city that is full of devils, foul and corrupting; and, on the other hand, the city stands for all that is noble, full of the glory of God, and shining with a clear and brilliant light. But, if we think a little more carefully, we shall see that the city has in all ages of the world represented both these aspects. It has been the worst; and it has been the best. Every city has been a Babylon, and every city has been a New Jerusalem; and it has always been a question whether the Babylon would extirpate the New Jerusalem or the New Jerusalem would extirpate the Babylon. It has been so in the past. It is so in the present. The greatest corruption, the greatest vice, the greatest crime, are to be found in the great city. The greatest philanthropy, the greatest purity, the most aggressive and noble courage, are to be found in the great city. San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Brooklyn, are full of devils—and also full of the glory of God. I wish to call your attention, then, this morning to these two aspects of city

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, October 22, 1893. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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life, to what they involve, and what they mean of duty and opportunity to you and to me. And, leaving the past, letting that dead past bury its dead, and turning our eyes and our thoughts to the present, I propose to speak of our own American cities. Let us look, then, on the one hand, at the evil influences in our great cities—at the Babylon; then at the good influences in our great cities—at the New Jerusalem.

The growth of our cities has been in the last one hundred years something marvelous. We are familiar with the stories of the West, where yesterday was a prairie and to-day is a metropolis. But it is not only in the West that this growth has been so rapid. Fifty thousand people are added every year to the city of New York. A very considerable town is planted there annually. Only a hundred years ago Brooklyn was a little village of fifteen hundred inhabitants; to-day it has, perhaps, close upon a million. This enormous increase of population is not confined even to our own land. It is said that every night three hundred and fifty people more lie down to bed in London than rose in the morning. And the growth of Glasgow has been more rapid than that of Chicago. It is not necessary to enter into any consideration of the forces that have brought about this rapid growth; it is enough to say of it that the growth has been so rapid that it is almost impossible for philanthropy or religion to keep pace with it.

The official reports tell us that seventeen thousand miles of streets were cleaned last year in the city of Brooklyn—I wonder how many miles were left uncleaned! Two-thirds of the globe was encircled, according to this report, by the street-cleaner of Brooklyn. It is an enormous undertaking, and this is only one fragment of the undertaking that devolves upon the citizens of this city. A growth so rapid is always accompanied, whether it be in the tree, or man, or community, with some incidental vices. These vices have been aggravated by the fact that in our American cities this growth has been very considerably a growth of foreign populations. More than half the population in all the great Northern cities of America is either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. Thus a very large proportion of those that come into our cities come without the benefit of that inheritance and that training in the school of liberty which we native-born Americans enjoy. They come here not knowing what liberty means; they come here with the natural reaction against law that leads inevitably to lawlessness. But, more than that, the city opens irresistible attractions to the most undesirable elements in the population. The poor come to the great cities under the mistaken impression that they have only to come to the city to find employment. The incompetent flock to our great cities in order that they may find somebody to give them something to do. A large proportion of men are like the horse—they are willing to pull if you put on the harness, but they cannot put on the harness for themselves. And these men that stand in the market-place, saying, We have done nothing because no man has hired us, not knowing how to find their own vocation, flock to our great cities. And along with the poor and the incompetent come the criminals, the men who wish to prey upon society; who come to our great cities because here is greatest opportunity to prey, here is the greatest wealth, and because, strange as it may appear, the cities afford the best hiding-places. It is a great deal easier for a criminal to hide in a city than in the rural districts. And so our cities are the gathering-places of the impoverished, of the incompetent, and of the criminal. Add to this the fact that, because of these great centered populations, the conditions are necessarily unsanitary. It is not easy to put a million people together and give them even air or light or water, still less cleanly houses and cleanly streets. There are wards in the city of New York where the people are packed together more closely than the corpses of any cemetery in the land. How can it be otherwise than that, thus crowded together, they lack the conditions of physical health? It has always been so. In the reign of the Stuarts the evil of crowding in London was already so great that royal edicts were issued forbidding any more men to go to the city or any more houses to be built. In the thirteenth century the great towns of England were the centers of leprosy. In the seventeenth century London was swept by that great plague which turned the city into a vast charnel-house.

But these physical unsanitary conditions are less deleterious than the moral unsanitary conditions which go with them. In the great cities are the low theaters, the liquor-shops, the saloons, the gambling-holes, and worse places. All that ministers to the worst in man is to be found in these great cities. The men who live by tempting their fellow-men into vice, who appeal to their appetites, who appeal to their lusts, who appeal to the animal that is within them, gather; because the temptable also gather in the great cities. And add to these considerations the still further one that in our great cities the populations are segregated. There is an Italian quarter, and a Chinese quarter, and a Polish quarter, and a Jewish quarter, and an Irish quarter. Men, perhaps by a natural instinct, hedge themselves round about, and the influence which would naturally flow from one class in the community fails to ameliorate the conditions and better the character of another class—fails because the other classes in the community are walled up. Every city has its Ghetto, and the walls are not less difficult to penetrate because they are impalpable. Add to this the fact that every year those who are most active and earnest in missionary and Christian effort leave the great cities, for two, three, four, sometimes five or six months. We cannot maintain our home Sunday-school; we have difficulty in maintaining our Bethel Sunday-school and Mayflower Sunday-school.

Every church has the same difficulty. The men who carry on the churches are absent. The newspapers criticise the ministers for not staying and preaching to empty pews; but the minister is the captain of a host, and when the host has gone away, it is almost idle for the captain to stand alone in the field. The power and efficiency and missionary activity of the church is stopped for from two to four months. Add to these considerations that one of the great virtues produces great vice in our great cities. All vices are unregulated virtue. All vices are virtue out of proportion, and unbalanced by other virtues. We are living in an age of thrift; in an age of not only great increase of wealth, but of great increase of division of wealth. Not only are there a few men who have become millionaires—that is a fact with which we are all familiar—but also there are great strata of society that have begun to have the appetite for wealth. A century ago there were thousands of men in the Old World who never dreamed of having anything more than food and raiment; they were beasts of burden, and they were contented to be beasts of burden. In America this spirit of dull despair, miscalled content, is almost wholly lacking. Great classes of population that never dreamed of possessing wealth are now inspired by a desire for more money, or for the things which money will procure. They want better houses, better furniture, better clothes, better food. Is not that good? Capital! But along with that good is evil, for evil and good always go together in this world of ours. And so you will find in our great cities men thrifty beyond the point of virtue and to the point of greed, yet divided on two sides of a line. On the one side are men so prosperous that they would rather attend to their private business than to public affairs; would rather make money and pay a bigger tax than take the trouble to reduce the taxes. Their desire for prosperity makes them politically indifferent. On the other side are men who want an opportunity to make money out of the Government. Last year $10,000,000 was expended in the city of Brooklyn by the Government; and there are a great many men in Brooklyn who would like a share in the expenditure of that $10,000,000, partly desiring to give honest service therefor, partly desiring illegitimate and dishonest share in what they term public plunder.

And so this greed, this covetousness, this fever for larger wealth and greater prosperity, produces these two classes in the community. In the best citizens it produces political indifference, and in the other class political greed. It is the same vice at the bottom. The one sinner is the

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same kind of sinner as the other sinner, though he does not know it.

While all these causes have combined to make the great cities centers of evil influence—if we may trust statistics, which I do not think are to be much trusted—the moral and spiritual influences have not kept pace with the evil ones. The newspapers, on the whole, do not strike as high a moral tone as they did when Greeley and Raymond were the editors of the two great dailies of New York. The public schools are not adequate to provide for our children. The churches do not keep pace with the population. A few years ago we called Brooklyn the City of Churches. To-day there is only one church to every 2,900 of the population. And in the churches I include Protestant and Roman Catholic, orthodox and heterodox, Christian and Jewish. It is true that the churches are larger; but still it cannot be supposed that the churches have, in their provision for men, kept pace with the growth of population.

This on the one side: A rapid growth, with foreign population, with the most deleterious elements of population, with unsanitary physical conditions, with unsanitary moral conditions, with a segregation of the populations into castes and classes, socially and locally, with absentees for one-third or one-quarter of every year from the class that are most active in missionary work, with thrift tending into vice both in the upper and the lower strata; this on the one side. These are some of the influences that make the great city. Now for the other.

On the other side, then, the city draws to itself the most enterprising, the most intelligent, the most vital elements in population. William E. Dodge is clerk in a dry-goods store in the country. He soon grows dissatisfied with the little circle of buying and selling by the yard and by the quart. He comes to New York, and lays the foundation, not only of a great fortune, but of a great family, who are still exercising profound spiritual influences like that which he exercised in his lifetime. The story is repeated again and again in the history of all our great cities. The cities call from other lands, too, with some of the worst elements, also some of the best elements of population. The foreigners that come to this country are, on the whole, not the worst. They are a sifted and selected class. The Irishman of enterprise, the German of thrift, are the Irishman and German that have led in the great immigration to America. The cities thus have taken to themselves the men of enterprise and culture and forcefulness, who furnish the stimulus of great life. That life is itself educative.

Life is rapid, is coruscating, is full of electricity, is full of vigor, in the city. I think it was Horace Greeley who said, Any man who wants to succeed in New York must be willing to do two days' work in one. We live under a great pressure, but it is a pressure which stirs our intellectual activities, and requires us always to be at our highest activity. So the cities become great stimuli of life; and though life carries evil with it, the remedy for the evil is not death, but more life, better life, higher life. Little by little the life in our great cities is coming to be also more intellectual. The best public schools are in our great cities; the great universities and colleges are coming to be in great cities. It was not so once. I doubt whether in twenty-five years a purely country college has been founded—at least in the East. And those colleges have grown with the most rapid growth that were planted in or near the great cities or great towns. The newspaper press finds its life and its support in the great cities. The press is not all that we wish it was; it is not all that it ought to be; but nevertheless it is a great educator; and the community that reads the newspapers is in the process of being educated to a higher and better life, as the community that does not read the newspapers is not in the process of such education. In our great cities are the centers of moral force and activity; we find not only clubs of gentlemen, but clubs of workingmen, and of all classes of workingmen. Mr. Charles Booth reports in London one hundred and sixteen clubs of workingmen, most if not all of them centers of intellectual and moral and spiritual activity. Thus there is growing up in our great cities a very active, earnest, energetic, intellectual class of men. We are deceived as to the numbers of the poor. They seem to come in great numbers knocking at our doors. But the army of tramps is like the army on a stage, and the same man marches round and round and comes over and over again. Mr. Charles Booth has made a very careful examination into the vital statistics of East London—and I suppose in East London are centered more paupers and more crime than in any other section in any other city in Christendom—and he reports that less than one and one-third per cent. are tramps, vagabonds, and criminals, and only about one-third of the entire population in that worst part of London can properly be classed as paupers at all; two-thirds of them are men of productive industry, and are laying up a little something for the future. Along with these processes that go to make the cities centers of intellectual and industrial activity are the moral and religious influences, and they are very great. The great churches are in our great cities; the great charities and the great philanthropies are in our great cities. Last year the city of Brooklyn raised in its churches two million and a quarter dollars for religious purposes, and in connection with its charities a million and a third more. These figures do not count for much, but they are significant. Looking at the machinery of one of the great Fall River steamers, you see a little hand running round on a clock's face; every time that hand goes round it indicates that the paddle-wheels have gone round once. The hand of the clock's face does not do anything, but it does show what is being done; and so this report of the amount of money raised by the churches and by the philanthropic and charitable people of Brooklyn indicates something more than the amount of money raised; it indicates the fervor, the earnestness, the religious spirit, the philanthropic hopefulness, that are in the hearts and minds of a great many men and a great many women in the city of Brooklyn. We see the evil forces; let us also recognize the good ones.

Thus, then, the city, in spite of the evils that are in it, is a missionary center. It always has been so. The cities were the first cradles of Christianity. The heathen were the heath-dwellers; the pagans were the men who dwelt in the villages. Christianity found its first starting-place in the great cities of the Roman Empire. If I mistake not, in the German Revolution the true inspirers of the Reformation were in the towns and in the cities. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the cities stood for liberty. The Franciscans did their Gospel work in the towns and cities of England, and when their seed had rooted and grown, it was from the towns and cities of England that the liberal forces for Cromwell's army were recruited. Wesley made his appeals to, and received his response from, the populations gathered together in the mining and manufacturing towns and cities of the Empire, and Methodism took its root in the towns and cities. To-day, who can estimate the power that has gone out from the great cities of the earth? who can estimate the great work that has been done by such men as Channing and Lyman Beecher in Boston, or Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, or Spurgeon in London, whose thoughts have gone out from these as centers into all the land? The cities have been radiant with light as well as clouded with darkness; they have sent out the rays of light, and the whole world is better for their life.

I try thus to put very briefly before you this great fact, that the city is the center, the point, of the battle between good and evil. It is the best and it is the worst, it is the shame and it is the glory of modern civilization. In the cities the good and the evil lock arms for a great wrestling-match. In the city are centered powers of good and of evil gathered for one crucial battle. It is a glorious thing to live in a great city, if you recognize the fact that the great city is a Waterloo, and as the victory goes on this field so goes the destiny of the nation and the world. The kingdom of Babylon could not survive the downfall of Babylon; the kingdom of Phœnicia could not survive the corruption of Tyre and Sidon; the kingdom of Rome could not survive the decay of the imperial city of Rome; the United States of America will not survive its cities. In its cities

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the battle for justice, for purity, for the kingdom of God, is to be fought.

The issue presents itself to us in different ways. Sometimes it presents itself as an educational issue. You are called upon to see that the schools are competent and thorough and adequate. Sometimes it presents itself as a religious issue, and you are called upon to do something to carry the Gospel to those sections in the city which are not able to provide themselves adequately with the Gospel, and to provide some moral and spiritual influence from the kindergarten at the one end to the boys' gymnasium at the other. Sometimes it presents itself in times of our city's difficulties as a political issue. And the political issue is as truly and profoundly religious as any other. The question whether the country shall have good government or bad government is profoundly a religious question. Two Sundays ago I read you a verse of Scripture; I want to read it to you again:

> Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness: and place such over them to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.

Now, you are Moses. In the authority reposed in you, you are Moses to-day. It is the people of this city that are to determine what kind of men are to be put over it. It is the people of this country that are to determine what kind of men are to rule in it. And this is fundamental, and underlies everything else, that they shall elect men who fear God, who are men of truth, and who hate covetousness. The question that presents itself is not one of persons, not one of parties, not one of policies. New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville—some of them have been under Democratic rule, some of them have been under Republican rule, and some of them have been sometimes under Democratic rule and sometimes under Republican rule, and there is not one of them that can call the other black—not one! The man who enters politics for the sake of what he can make does not care what party he belongs to—not he! If the Women's Christian Temperance Union controlled a great city, the ring master would wear skirts and drink soda-water if he thought that by so doing he could get control of the treasury. No man in municipal affairs has a right to vote for the Republican party, or for the Democratic party, or for the Prohibitory party; the one duty resting upon him is this: to vote for the city. He has no right to vote for anything else, or work for anything else, or put forth his influence for anything else. The great and fundamental issue in all cities is purity against impurity, honesty against corruption, temperance against drunkenness, law against lawlessness. The great issue that has been fought ever since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah will be fought on until the world goes up in smoke and lies in ashes: the fight between truth and righteousness on the one side, and wrong and corruption and sin upon the other. The one duty I lay upon you is the duty of exercising the function of citizenship in the fear of God, and as those that are to give account of themselves at the last great day. Neither here nor elsewhere, neither now nor at any other time, do I take the platform for a party or a candidate. But Sunday is not too sacred a day, and Plymouth pulpit is so sacred a spot that he who stands in it at such a time as this is, by all the traditions of the past, and by all the admonitions and inspirations of God's Word, called on to tell his people that the great, fundamental issue at stake in all our great cities is the same—the question of the progress, the development, and the victory of the kingdom of God—and that the one duty of every citizen is so to inform himself, and so to exert his influence, and so to put forth his activity, that what he does and what he says shall lead on toward purity and truth and righteousness, toward the reign of men of truth, that fear God and hate covetousness.

This poor *one thing I do*—instead of repining at its lowness or its hardness, I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.—*Gannett.*

The Imitation of Christ [1]

By Lyman Abbott

What is it to know Christ? To be like him. To know him is not to have correct opinions about him, but to be in sympathy, in fellowship, in unity with him. One does not know a poet by being able to give the date of his birth and death, his parentage, and a list of his great works. He knows the poet only as he understands the poet's inner life; and he understands that life only as he shares it.

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We put off the old man by no external process; only by being renewed in the spirit of our minds. So the way to be not conformed to this world is by being transformed by the renewing of our minds (Romans xii., 2). We put off the old man as the snake puts off his old skin—by outgrowing it. And this growth is a divine growth; may be truly termed a new birth or a new creation, so radical, so pervasive, so transforming is it.

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How transforming is the power of love! But if the love of a pure, true woman can transform a rude, raw, careless boy into a noble, heroic man, what may not the love of God do for a soul which realizes that it is loved by God? What! can such an one as I be worthy to be loved by God? What could so fire to the divinest aspiration and achievement as this thought?

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Truth rests on this as its foundation, that we are members one of another. The bond which binds society together is confidence. That is in the social world what gravitation is in the physical world. He who weakens that confidence is as one who should derange the cohesive power of matter. A lie is any word or deed which tends thus to destroy confidence and inaugurate anarchy. Strategy in war is not a lie, because it has no such tendency. Preaching theology which one does not believe is a lie, because it has such tendency.

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Anger is sometimes a virtue. A man who has no power of anger in him is either a rascal or a weakling. Never to be angry is not the Christian ideal; but to be angry and sin not. Was Christ ever angry? Read the story of the expulsion of the traders from the Temple.

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What is stealing? The antithesis of working. There are four ways by which a man may acquire property. First, it may be given to him. Second, he may produce it by his labor. Third, he may obtain it by reason of that general rise in values which is the result of civilization. Fourth, he may steal it. Any property he did not get in one of the other three ways he stole. The process of elimination will help to make clear the answer to the question, What is stealing?

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Conversation either corrupts, dissipates, recreates, or educates. The last two are good forms of conversation; the former two are bad. Read Luther's or Coleridge's "Table Talk." How insipid by the side of either seems the small talk of most tables!

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That so noble an instrument of the higher life should be used as it is used, is matter of grief to the ever-present spirit of love and life.

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Read how Christ treated Judas Iscariot, if you want to know what it means to forgive as Christ forgives.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: November 13—Gentle unto all (Titus iii., 2–7); November 14—Gentle and easy to be entreated (James iii., 14–18); November 15—We were gentle among you (1 Thess. ii., 1–8); November 16—Be gentle unto all (2 Tim. ii., 22–26); November 17—Thy gentleness hath made me great (Ps. xviii., 35–39); November 18—The bond of perfectness (Col. iii., 12–15); November 19—Topic: Gentleness—a fruit of the Spirit (Eph. iv., 30–32; Col. iii., 12–15).

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for November 19, 1893.—Ephes. iv., 20–32.

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The Religious World

Henry A. Stimson

A memorable Council convened in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Tuesday, October 31. It was memorable for many reasons. It had been called for the purpose of securing the sanction of the churches of the vicinage to the action of the Tabernacle in releasing Dr. William M. Taylor from the active duties of his pastorate, and making him Pastor Emeritus; and also for the purpose of installing as his successor the Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D. The pastorate of Dr. Taylor has been one of the most notable in the religious history of New York. Under his ministry the membership of the church has doubled, and its influence greatly increased. He has been one of the great spiritual forces of the city. Appropriate resolutions, recognizing the rare excellence of his work, and expressing sympathy for him in his affliction, were unanimously adopted by the Council. The Council was especially remarkable as being the first one which has been held for many years in New York or Brooklyn which has utterly ignored the old divisions caused by the Plymouth Church case. The members of the New York and Brooklyn Association and the Manhattan Association were all invited. In thus ignoring what for many years has had absolutely no reason for existence, Dr. Stimson has shown real courage and leadership, and his pastorate begins in the best possible way, because it begins with a movement looking toward closer union between the churches. The Council was also memorable because of the statement which was made by Dr. Stimson concerning his religious experience and theological beliefs; indeed, the line between the two was only formal. Every doctrine was stated in terms of experience. Dr. Stimson is a well-known conservative in theology, and he did not hesitate to put strong emphasis upon the doctrines of sin and of penalty. But it was a genuine surprise to hear him state the doctrine of retribution in terms which commanded the cordial approval of those from whom he might be supposed to differ. When asked if it would be possible for a man to repent after death, he frankly said that that possibility must be granted if man continued a free agent; but he insisted that, so long as sin continues, suffering must inevitably continue, and that the probabilities that a sinner would not repent, in the light of the statements of Holy Scripture, seemed to him too awful to contemplate. No one cared to press the questioning at this point further, and the examination was unanimously approved. We should misrepresent Dr. Stimson if we gave the impression that there was anything like a "new departure" in his theological statement, for there was nothing of the kind; but we do say that, conservative as he is, he stated in frank and manly terms his beliefs concerning sin, inspiration, and retribution, in terms which would probably command the cordial assent of almost, if not quite, every liberal present. This was probably due to the fact that he spoke in terms of experience rather than of logic. At the services in the evening the sermon was preached by ex-President Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, and other parts were taken by Drs. Storrs, Lyman, Behrends, Virgin, Scudder, and Bradford. The Broadway Tabernacle is one of the most important churches in the country, and ought to lead in all forms of spiritual activity, both in the city and in the Nation. The new pastorate opens auspiciously, and we wish for it distinguished success.

Reunion in Pittsburg

We have had occasion heretofore to speak of the very remarkable example which the churches in Pittsburg are setting before the churches of all denominations of our country. While others are *discussing* the subject of Christian union, it is being realized in the East End of that city. This is not the result of the ignoring of denominational lines, but rather of the adoption of the principle of co-operation. For instance, in the paper called "The Kingdom," which is the organ of the co-operating churches, we find that the editors of the paper are an Episcopalian and a Baptist. Concerning itself the paper says: "'The Kingdom' is the parish paper of the *Church of Christ in the East End of Pittsburg*. It is distributed in the churches on the third Sunday of each month. There is no subscription fee, except that a charge of fifty cents will be made to those who wish to have the paper sent them by mail." What is this Church of Christ in the East End of Pittsburg? It consists of twenty-one different church organizations; namely, one Baptist, one Christian, one Church of God, three Lutheran, four Methodist, seven Presbyterian, one Protestant Episcopal, one Reformed Episcopal, and two Roman Catholic. These churches are actually, not nominally, co-operating. They have a union ministers' meeting, at which all questions concerning Christian work in that district are considered. They have a union teachers' meeting, by which Sunday-school teachers are trained for their work; they have a great union service at stated times in a building sufficiently large, where the best speaking, reinforced by the noblest music, draws thousands of those who otherwise would not attend religious services. They print an eight-page paper, to which we have already referred, which is of very great value; and the Church of Christ in the East End of Pittsburg is now asking why it should not extend until it includes the one parish of Pittsburg. We know no city where we should have supposed the difficulties of such a plan would be so great. The Presbyterianism of Pennsylvania is supposed to be ultra orthodox; the various branches of Methodists in manufacturing districts are often exceedingly narrow; but, in spite of these facts, we have a long step taken in the direction of Christian union, a union actually embracing in hearty co-operation Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. We have noticed with much pleasure that the Rev. George Hodges, D.D., of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, has been called to succeed Bishop Lawrence as Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge. If his acceptance of that position would in any way imperil his share in the work in Pittsburg, we hope he will decline the call, for just now Pittsburg is teaching the whole Nation, and his work in that direction in that city would be vastly greater than that of teaching a few ministers in a theological seminary. All the American churches can afford to take lessons from the East End of Pittsburg.

American Missionary Association

Among all the missionary agencies in which American Christians are interested, not one is doing a greater or more important work than the American Missionary Association, whose field of operations is chiefly among the colored people in the South, but also among the Chinese and Indians. This Society has founded and done much toward the support of by far the largest number of the prominent institutions for Christian learning which since the war have been established among the colored people. Concerning its work we once heard Dr. Curry, himself a Baptist, and at that time Secretary of the Peabody Fund, say that the American Missionary Association had done more for the colored man than all other agencies in the United States combined. This Society held its annual meeting at Elgin, Ill., October 24–26. The meetings, while not as largely attended as usual, are reported to have been of a very high order of interest. The Society supports in the South 6 chartered institutions, 29 normal and graded schools, 43 common schools, in which there are 389 instructors and 12,609 pupils. It also oversees 152 churches, with a membership of about 9,000 and a Sunday-school membership of over 15,000. Among the Indians it has 12 churches, with 762 members; 12 schools, with 808 attendance, and 1,300 pupils in the Sunday-school, all served by 90 teachers and ministers. Among the Chinese there are 21 schools, with 1,215 pupils and 40 teachers. The annual sermon at the meeting was by the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., of Boston. The papers and addresses were all of a high order, especially those of Dr. Horr, of Worcester, Miss Hume, of New Orleans, Dr. Brand, of Oberlin, and President Gates, of Iowa. There has been a deficit in the treasury of $45,000 during the past year, which makes a

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great burden on the Society. This deficit has been caused by a falling off in legacies and not in subscriptions. $100,000 additional to the usual subscriptions is needed for the work of the current year. No Society is more beloved by the churches supporting it, and no executive officers have served their cause with greater ability and consecration than Drs. Strieby, Beard, and Woodbury, of this Society.

A Gospel Campaign in Brooklyn

Inspired by the great success which attended Mr. Moody's marvelous campaign in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, the Rev. A. C. Dixon is arranging for an advance movement in city evangelization in Brooklyn. It is proposed to hold the meetings in November, and Mr. R. G. Pearson, the Southern evangelist, and Messrs. McNeill, Robertson, and Varley, from Great Britain, as well as Mr. Moody himself, are expected to take part in the services. It is proposed to hold meetings in the Hanson Place Baptist Church every night, and in the old John Street Methodist Church in New York every day at one o'clock. On Sunday afternoons Mr. Dixon himself will preach in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn. We have no disposition to criticise this programme. It is surely good so far as it goes; but if something nearer to Mr. Moody's plan of campaign in Chicago could have been adopted, a much larger number of ministers and churches been interested, and a still larger number of places of meeting been opened, we believe that the work could have been carried on more easily and that the results would have been much greater. We have been very much impressed with the wisdom of Mr. Moody's campaign in Chicago. He has set an example which may well be followed elsewhere. There must be co-operation between the denominations, and a united movement along the whole line, before there will be any distinct advance of the Christian army. General Howard said of Mr. Moody in Chicago, "He ought to have been a general in the Union Army, for no general on either side showed such qualities of leadership."

Something New in Temperance Work

The Christian Men's Union for Total Abstinence has just been incorporated according to the laws of the State of New York. Its objects are stated as follows:

> To organize local Unions in every county and town in the United States of men who abstain from alcoholic beverages from a Christian standpoint, both as an example for the young and to be better fitted to rescue slaves of drink; also, to organize a Traveling Men's Branch to hold Sunday meetings throughout the country under the auspices of the local Unions; who are also expected to hold meetings in liquor-saloons on Sundays, and to co-operate with the Women's Christian Temperance Union with the view of "reviving the Crusade in saloons."

The National Headquarters of the Union will be formally opened November 16 at No. 433 Lexington Avenue, above and near Forty-second Street, directly opposite the new Up-town Post-Office. In its prospectus the Society is declared to be "interdenominational, unsectarian, and non-political, and urges all Christians throughout the Nation to lay aside political and denominational prejudices and preferences, and unite as Christians in this effort to stir up the public from a Christian standpoint, and also for each one to strenuously endeavor, individually, to rescue at least one person yearly who is a slave to drink, and try to induce him to lead a correct life." The names of the incorporators of this Union are: John S. Huyler, the famous candy manufacturer of New York; H. H. Hadley, of St. Bartholomew's Mission; Charles N. Crittenton, of the Florence Mission; S. H. Hadley, of the Jerry McAuley Mission; Colonel Evans, of the Salvation Army; B. Fay Mills, the evangelist; G. F. Langenbacher, a merchant of New York; H. M. Moore, a merchant of Boston; and J. H. Murray, Superintendent Bethany Memorial, of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, New York.

The Russian Stundists

The ancient days of persecution are being rivaled in these modern times by the terrible sufferings which the Stundists of Russia are forced to endure at the hands of the authorities of the State. The Stundists resemble both the Wesleyans and the Baptists of England. Their spirit is like that of the Wesleyans; their doctrines like those of the Baptists. They are chiefly among the poorer classes, and represent a revival of spiritual Christianity, which is very distasteful to the formalism and bigotry of the Established Church. All Europe has rung with indignation at the treatment which these persecuted people are receiving. They have been driven from their homes, many probably sent to Siberia; their property has been confiscated, and every form of tyranny practiced upon them. What adds to the difficulty is the fact that those who sympathize with them in Europe and America cannot do anything for their relief. Even expressions of sympathy cannot be conveyed to them without increasing the peril of their position. The Evangelical Alliance is said to have sent them, secretly, over £900, but little can be done except the creation of a sentiment which may, perhaps, shame the Russian Government into toleration. The Baptist Union of England, at its recent meeting in Reading, adopted very strong resolutions expressing fervent protest against this infringement of the right of religious liberty by the Russian authorities, and deep sympathy with the suffering Christians of Russia. The resolutions close as follows: "The Assembly records its satisfaction at hearing of the steps already taken by the Evangelical Alliance, and of the further steps proposed, on behalf of the Stundists and other Christians in Russia, and trusts that the efforts of the Alliance in the sacred cause of religious freedom may, by God's blessing, be crowned with success." This resolution will command the hearty approval of all lovers of liberty of thought.

Gleanings

—The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, of New York, has been appointed the Lyman Beecher lecturer for the year at the Yale Divinity School.

—The Rev. William James, who has been pastor of the Woodhaven Congregational Church at Woodhaven, L. I., has been appointed Associate Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry, in which he will live with his wife.

—The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, all four being ordained ministers of the Unitarian denomination, followed each other in a San Francisco pulpit lately. Mr. Pierce preached on "Faith," his wife on "Hope," Mrs. Sprague on "Charity," and Mr. Sprague on "The Greatest of These."

—A National Convention will be held in the First United Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, Pa., November 14 to 16. Addresses will be delivered by able speakers of nearly all denominations on the application of the law of Christ for the solution of the great practical problems of the day, such as the Sabbath question, the marriage and divorce question, the race problem, the Chinese and immigration and labor questions, the Bible in the schools, peace and arbitration. The President of the National Reform Association, the Hon. Felix R. Brunot, Joseph Cook, Dr. Herrick Johnson, Dr. Josiah Strong, Judge Hinckley, Josiah W. Leeds, and a large number of other leading citizens all over the country, unite in this call.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—F. L. Dana has received a call to the Ward Hill Church of Bradford, Mass.

—W. G. Trower was lately ordained as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Hancock, Minn.

—B. F. Cokely was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Southbury, Conn., on October 25.

—H. R. Waite, of Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has resigned.

—Frank L. Johnston, of Uniontown, Wash., accepts a call to the Park Place Church and Parkvale Mission, Omaha, Neb.

—Charles I. Deyo, of Belding, Mich., has resigned.

—R. T. Wilton has withdrawn his recent acceptance of the pastorate of the Third Church of Chelsea, Mass.

—C. E. Havens was, on November 2, installed as pastor of the church at Newton Highlands, Mass.

—O. W. Barker was, on October 24, installed as pastor of the church in Newtown, Conn.

PRESBYTERIAN

—C. C. Johnson, of East Bloomfield, N. Y., has resigned.

—Robert Graham has become pastor of the church in Cedarville, N. J.

—M. J. Eckels accepts a call from the West Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wright were installed as pastors of the Universalist Church of the Reconciliation, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, lately.

—Vandervoort Bruce died in New York recently, at the age of seventy-six; he was for eighteen years rector of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Hoboken, N. J.

—J. D. Adam, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Manchester, Vt., has become pastor of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Books and Authors

The Century Gallery [1]

There has been, perhaps, no more complete and satisfactory exhibition of the resources of modern illustration than that furnished by the "Century Gallery," which is a selection from the immense illustrative material collected by the "Century" and "St. Nicholas" magazines. From this material sixty-four representative illustrations have been selected, have been reproduced either in wood engravings or by process, and are issued in the form of artists' proofs. Even a cursory glance at the collection brings out its representative character. Among the American artists whose work appears here, are Blashfield, Blum, Brush, Bunker, Burns, Birch, Boughton, Castaigne, Chase, Cox, Day, Dolph, Eaton, Edwards, Foote, Fuller, Gibson, Gaul, Harrison, Homer, Inness, Kemble, Low, Macomber, Maynard, Millet, Pennell, Remington, Sandham, Sterner, Taber, Wenzell, Wiles; and among the European artists, Barye, Botticelli, Carriera, Corot, Cuyp, Daubigny, Fillippo Lippi, Fortuny, Gérôme, LePage, Menzel, J. F. Millet, Parsons, Russell, Reynolds, Rembrandt, Raphael, Rousseau, Thornycroft, Velasquez, Vierge, Watts. The originals from which these reproductions are made include all the varieties of art which wood-engraving can reproduce—the etching, the pastel, the aquarelle, the wash drawing, the drawing in gouache, and the drawing on wood and in oil. The subjects also are representative, including landscape, figure pictures, ideal sketches, and studies of almost every sort. Taking into consideration the artists, the variety of work, and the range of themes, it is no exaggeration to say that this collection will hold a foremost place. It would be impossible to praise too highly the printing of the pictures. The printing work of the "Century Magazine" is too well known to need any comment, and comparison of these illustrations with their first presentations shows that they are even better in this form than they were in the magazine. The sixty-four illustrations are contained in a portfolio, and are, therefore, in the best possible shape for transference to the walls; a use which is, on the whole, far more enjoyable and educative than any other to which such a collection can be put. The collection is a true popularization of art in that it brings within the reach of people of educated taste and moderate means the opportunity of possessing specimens of the best work of the foremost artists in the most enduring and perfect form.

Irish Idylls [2]

It is almost impossible to avoid coupling Miss Barlow's book with that which gained for Mr. Barrie in "Auld Licht Idylls" early distinction; indeed, it has already become trite to call the author of "Irish Idylls" the Barrie of Ireland. Lisconnel, with its few cabins "huddling together for company," lying at the foot of a steepish slope from which "the broad level spreads away and away to the horizon, before and behind and on either hand of you, very somberly hued," is to Miss Barlow what Thrums prefigured in "Auld Licht Idylls" to Mr. Barrie's readers. The characterizations of Irish peasant life are as racy of the soil, as quaintly humorous and profoundly pathetic, as are Mr. Barrie's delineations of Scottish life and character. Yet the work of these two writers is differentiated by the broad lines of variation which have separated these two species of the human race through years of natural selection and conditions of existence; moreover, Miss Barlow has a style of her own. The likeness lies nearer the source and has a deeper significance. Walter Pater, in a mood of grave pleasantry, has imagined Charles Lamb coming to the humorists of the nineteenth century and finding the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity, the intenser and closer living with itself, which is the characteristic temper of this later generation. After all, it is the affinity of temper rather than the material wrought upon or the artistic manner of its production that tempts comparison between these writers. This is still further evinced in their common choice of subject; like Burns, Mr. Barrie and Miss Barlow have elected to deal with that lowly phase of life which has honest poverty and moral struggle with the mingled elements of penury and pride—so productive of humor and pathos—for its composite ingredients.

Blending with this quality of insight is that exquisite pity, that soul of sympathy, flowing from which both tears and laughter are alike genuine and contagious. Loving reverence and fidelity to truth, colored by the "vision within," have drawn a likeness which no mere literary art in itself could have produced. The subjects of these Irish stories are, at first glance, meager and commonplace. For a background there is Lisconnel, with its mortarless stone cabins, "three in a row on one side of the road, a couple fast by on the other—not exactly facing them because of a swampy patch—two more a few paces further on, with 'Ody Rafferty's' and 'the widow M'Gurk's,' which stand 'a trifle back o' the road' up the hill-slopes, climbing down to join the group. That is all Lisconnel, unless we count in the O'Driscolls' old dwelling, whose roof has long since top-dressed a neighboring field, and whose walls are in some places peered over by nettles." A proud, self-conscious old woman who upsets established opinion regarding her character, by lavishing her whole legacy of fifteen shillings, sent from "the States," on her neighbors; a good-hearted ne'er-do-weel of a bosthoon who is found to be "one too many" in a numerous household, and becomes the victim of a project of emigration which his family arrange for him without consulting his wishes; the semi-comic-and-tragic contingencies arising unexpectedly in the course of a wet day; the recital of a mother's strong love and maternal affection turned to madness as husband, children, and homestead are successively taken from her by a cruel destiny; the mishaps and tribulations of the course of true love which fill in the space betwixt two Lady-days—these are some of the bare facts on which Miss Barlow has reared a noble structure; but what indescribable and melting pathos, what humor, what refinement of feeling, what originality, what insight, go to make it art!

For these "Idylls" are no mere descriptive sketches thrown offhand with an artistic skill to embellish their prosaicness. Miss Barlow feels and conveys the sensitive impression of that indefinable thrill of things which Robert Louis Stevenson has called the tuning-fork of art. There goes with this the conviction that she writes as one predestined, "'whom the gods have called." What we know of Miss Barlow bears out this impression of her work. She has the humility of the artist. In her propitiatory preface she presents "this little book as an attempt to record some of the things she has seen in the wild bog-land." But in the process, being a poet, she has become more than a transcriber, and we have in "Irish Idylls" a work of art. By the direct representation—without pointing any social or political moral—of a vision of human life, and of the harsh enveloping forces of nature and man's inhumanity to man, operating in the lot of some poor west Irish peasants, whose hamlets may be found set "parenthetically between the wide green pastures and the wide black bogs," Miss Barlow has produced a book which touches the heart—a book which, in its essence, will perform the chief function of art—"to free, arouse, dilate."

Some explanation of Miss Barlow's resource and insight, and of her sympathetic acquaintance with the life of the peasantry she depicts, is to be gathered from the fact that the blood of many Irish generations runs in her veins, and that the traditions of the western Connemarese country took root in her mind when she lived as a child at her grandfather's rectory in County Louth. Years succeeding her childhood were devoted to an intensely eager student-life, but these early impressions retained their grasp on her imagination, and, with a deep love and patriotism for her country speeding her on her intellectual quest, she has revived and freshened these impressions within recent

[1] *The Century Gallery.* Selected Proofs from the "Century Magazine" and "St. Nicholas." (The Century Company, New York. $10.)
[2] *Irish Idylls.* By Jane Barlow. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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years, during a pilgrimage to those districts in the far west which form the scenery of "Bogland Studies" and "Irish Idylls." The former was written in verse and attracted considerable attention, but a wider audience and a more popular appreciation has fastened upon "Irish Idylls." Since its publication last autumn the English edition has gone through three editions. The title is rather misleading, for it suggests a representation of the entire nationality, whereas the "Idylls" cover only a segment of the various life of the Irish people. In a recent letter Miss Barlow comments on this equivocal nomenclature as follows: "Although great poverty is only too often to be found all through this country—there are cabins in this village (in the east) as miserable as they well can be—it is perhaps only in the west of Ireland that a state of things such as is described as existing in Lisconnel could justifiably be represented as general."

The faults of Miss Barlow's work are obvious, and admit of repression and amendment as she gains self-command and experience. As a final word, however, we would emphasize the need of a deeper insight into the religious sentiment of a people who have always been susceptible to religious emotion, and whose shriveled and hard-set lives are softened to a much greater extent by the well-spring of deep human instincts of faith and love, which we know exist surely if unobtrusively in the breast of the Irish peasant, than by the good nature and ready wit which are also his heritage. "In the harsh face of life," says Stevenson, "faith can read a bracing gospel."

A Perplexed Philosopher. By Henry George. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) This volume, like everything else from Mr. George's pen, is brilliant in a high degree. Yet it is likely to detract from Mr. George's reputation. It was not worth his while to devote so much mental energy to exposing the inconsistencies of Herbert Spencer, and it was decidedly beneath him to charge that Mr. Spencer abandoned the radical doctrine of his earlier years because of a desire to remain *persona grata* to the English aristocracy. As a matter of fact, Mr. Spencer, because of his health and because of his tastes, mingles but little in society of any sort, and the motive for apostasy is utterly wanting. Beyond this, Mr. Spencer never did, in a logical and thoroughgoing way, accept the doctrine that all men have an equal right to the land. Mr. George shows very clearly that Mr. Spencer's thinking upon this subject was confused from the start, and it is not likely that he would ever have taught as he did the wrongfulness of individual ownership of the land, had he appreciated that its logical consequences were so fatal to vested interests. A man's views upon social questions depend upon his spirit, and not upon any logical deductions from his philosophical creed. Herbert Spencer has not the spirit of a social reformer, or he would have thrown away his entire social philosophy, when he found that on nearly every important question it forced him to fight with the opponents of social reform. Mr. George ought not to have expected Mr. Spencer to uphold the single tax, and he has no more right to accuse him of moral turpitude because he is not logical than he would have to accuse all clergymen of such turpitude who preach the abstract doctrine of brotherhood, and yet upon concrete political measures are on the side of aristocracy and monopoly.

We are accustomed to associate the name of George Moore with novels of the Zola and Maupassant character, by way of illustrating realism in its utmost purity (?). But *The Strike at Arlingford: A Play in Three Acts*, has nothing improper in its whole course. It is a study of the Socialistic movement, and contains some striking epigrammatic observations on the subject. The plot of the play is extremely clever and rather original; some will consider it to be over-cynical. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Faïence Violin, translated from the French of Champfleury, by William Henry Bishop, is a graceful rendering of a delightful little virtuoso sketch. The frenzy of the collector, its origin, growth, and culmination, are traced by the hand of one who was himself the most canny and successful of collectors. It is just the story for lovers of brac-à-brac—a book to put in the cabinet beside your bit of Geux faïence, your specimen of fine Cantigalli, or, by good hap, a genuine jewel of Luca della Robbia.

There is an exquisiteness of feeling and a refinement of form in *Nowadays, and Other Stories*, by George A. Hibbard. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) The best of them, we think, is that entitled "In the Midst." We enjoy the delicate analyses of character and emotion which Mr. Hibbard presents, as well as the felicity of his turns of expression and the general charm of his style. The publishers have presented these fine sketches in a beautiful volume.

The Story of Parthia is the most recent number in the series of "The Story of the Nations." It is by Professor George Rawlinson, which is a perfectly sufficient guarantee that it is a trustworthy historical account, and, upon examination and comparison, we find nothing to condemn; but this we do say, that the book is far from being, in any true sense, a "story." It is a respectable, abridged history of the Parthians, and it is rather dull. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A new and decidedly handsome library edition in two volumes of Hepworth Dixon's famous work on *Her Majesty's Tower* comes to us from T. Y. Croweli & Co., New York. We miss the not always artistic but certainly illustrative pictures of the earlier editions, but otherwise this is vastly superior. The fascination of the grim romance clinging to the ancient Tower of London is of a lasting kind.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's forthcoming long story is called "The Bridge-Builders."

—A new biographic work on Schopenhauer is expected soon in Dresden. Its author is the late Dr. Bahr, an intimate friend of the great pessimist.

—Mr. Howells is to publish his literary reminiscences in a series of articles entitled "Men and Letters." The papers are to appear in "Harper's."

—Colonel R. S. Lanier, father of the late Sidney Lanier, the poet, died at Macon, Ga., on October 20. He was a lawyer, and eminent in his profession.

—Mr. Holman Hunt is writing a history of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, based on his personal knowledge and his reminiscences of the men who contributed to the movement.

—Louis Kossuth has completed the third volume of his memoirs, but is so nearly blind that he has been unable to read the proof-sheets personally. He is over ninety years of age.

—The Century Company have printed a second edition of Miss Case's "Love of the World," a singularly fresh and suggestive book of religious meditation, of which The Outlook spoke at length last season.

—An interesting feature of "Scribner's Magazine" during the coming year will be a novel by George Meredith, which will bear the title of "An Amazing Marriage," and is declared to be a brilliant piece of work.

—A writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" reports the mound over Rossetti's grave, in the pretty old churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea, as being "trodden away" by visitors, and suggests that an iron railing be placed around the grave and monument.

—Professor Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, Oxford, bequeathed the copyright of all his papers and other writings to the College, with full control to three literary executors, Professor Lewis Campbell, Dr. Evelyn Abbott, and P. Lyttleton Gell.

—Says the London "Literary World:" "£25,000 for the copyright of an ex-Imperial Chancellor's memoirs is not a bad price, and if the report be true that Prince Bismarck has obtained it from a firm of German publishers, we congratulate him on an excellent stroke of business. General Gordon's family got only £6,000 for his famous Diary, and we fancy that that was almost too much."

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have issued a new edition of a very attractive volume which last year found many readers. "The World's Best Hymns," compiled and illustrated by Louis K. Harlowe, is so well described by its title that nothing remains to be added to the former notice of the book save the record of the fact that additional hymns have been added to the present edition.

—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of this city, announce the Anthropological Series, edited by Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago—a frequent contributor to The Outlook. The books in this series will treat of ethnology, prehistoric archæology, ethnography, etc., and the purpose is to make the newest of all the sciences—anthropology—better known to intelligent readers who are not specialists. The first book in this series will be "Woman's Place in Primitive Culture," by Professor O. R. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution; the author will trace in it the division of labor between man and woman, which began with the invention of fire-making.

[For list of Books Received see page 865]

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

The Immanence of God

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit me to offer a suggestion or two regarding the difficulty encountered by Mr. Gass in reconciling the theory of the immanence of God with the workings of natural law, as set forth by him in the correspondence column of your issue of October 14 last.

In the first place, the thought which Mr. Gass himself brings out, that "law is the working of the constant inner mind," would (as it seems to me) offer the solution of the problem, if carried to its legitimate conclusion. If God, he who is infinite in knowledge, in resources, and in power, be indeed within all and the cause of all, then he must, from the beginning, have taken cognizance of each occurrence and all occurrences which should come to pass throughout all time, and must have formed his plan for man accordingly. In short, the foreknowledge of God and his constant presence in all things, if it be accepted as a fact, requires the conclusion that from such foreknowledge and through such presence he has so planned and does so execute as to control. It follows, then, that, without interfering with the freedom of man, the circumstances and conditions which surround each of us are those best calculated for his peculiar need. It does not vitiate this theory when we find that some men suffer more of the kind of loss or chastening to which Mr. Gass refers than do others. It simply resolves itself into this: that, *under all the conditions which surround them*, this is for their good. In proof of this: how many lives have been saved under circumstances which would seem, humanly speaking, to preclude the possibility; how many lost when there was no apparent reason why this might not have been averted. And who will have the hardihood to say that God's hand is not in these things? If we believe that "His purposes and providences extend to all things," we must believe that even such disasters as storms and earthquakes are a part of his plan.

In the second place, and as a continuance of the same thought, let me suggest the idea of higher laws, whose workings we do not yet understand—never will entirely understand. And this idea is twofold, referring first to the unexplored realm of natural law which stretches illimitably before even the most learned, and then to the effect exerted by spiritual law and force upon natural law and force—an effect in which he must believe who recognizes the necessity for the integrity of natural law, and still believes in the efficacy of prayer for material blessings or results. F. C. R.

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Another Answer

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. John Gass asks a question in his letter on "The Immanence of God" which must strongly appeal to every thoughtful believer in God. How, he asks, if all law and force in nature are to be thought of as the activity of the will of God, are we to reconcile earthquakes, storms, and other death-dealing physical phenomena, which are beyond human control, with the divine goodness? Is there not, he asks, "a force in nature opposed to, or at least regardless of, man?"

The most helpful treatment of this problem I have ever seen is to be found in Dr. James Martineau's "Study of Religion," Vol. II., Chapter III.: "If you ask me to find a place for them" (these painful physical phenomena) "in the *moral order* of things, and tell you the end for which each is ordained, I have no answer to give. But if the question be, 'How, with these things in the physical order, the moral order is yet compatible?' I need only beg you to look beyond these particular phenomena to the system in which they appear, and which cannot be judged by them alone. They occur in conformity with atmospheric and meteorological laws which alone render life possible, and under shelter of which every breathing thing exists and moves and grows and sees the world and feels the sun: so that the same rules which are death-dealing for an hour or a day are life-giving for ever. If we are to judge truly of the expression and significance of nature, surely we must look on her face, not in the convulsion of a passing struggle, but in its permanent aspect of composure or of joy. The real question is simply this: whether the laws of which complaint is made work such harm that they ought never to have been enacted; or whether, in spite of occasional disasters in their path, the sentient existence of which they are the conditions has in its history a vast excess of blessing. Can any one who really applies this test pronounce that it was incumbent on a wise and beneficent Being to refrain from instituting the terrestrial laws?" F. L. P.

II.—Notes and Queries

Will you please give your interpretation of the following passage: The first Epistle of Paul to Timothy, chapter ii., from eighth verse to end of chapter; also the first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, xiv., 34, 35. W. D. C.

It is a question whether the words, "Not with braided hair," etc., should not be understood, like the words (Matt. vi., 19) "Lay not up treasures upon earth," in a relative rather than an absolute sense, as contrasted with better things, rather than utterly prohibited. As to the silence and subjection enjoined on women, it must be understand with reference to the Greek status of women, as having a local reference only. As to the argument from Adam and Eve, it has no significance now, except as a clear proof that Paul's inspiration was not such as to make his logic infallible.

Kindly tell me what you think of such theories as are advanced by Uriah Smith, the Seventh-Day Adventist, and also how you think it best to deal with those who are inclined to take what seems to me an abnormal interest in these theories? Again and again I am surprised to find Mr. Smith's books turning up in quite unexpected places, but I have never found that they have had what I would call a wholesome effect upon the character of those who have read them with especial interest. A. G. S.

We know nothing of Uriah Smith in particular. The notions of the sect you refer to we regard as a Judaizing of Christianity and an anachronism to-day, a survival of a rudimentary development of Christian thought. The best way to deal with them is not in attempting to refute their assertions, but rather in supplanting by more spiritual conceptions the defective idea of Christianity from which they spring.

1. Will you please give the name and price of a good, small work on the history of theology—not one written by an orthodox clergyman? 2. Will you tell me when and by whom will be published the proceedings of the Parliament of Religions, the Literary Congress, and the Congress which discussed social and economic questions at the World's Fair? C. A.

1. There is none that we know of that exactly meets your requirements. Perhaps Professor Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought" is the best you could find. 2. The Rev. J. H. Barrows, Chicago, Ill., will edit, and the Parliament Publishing Co. of Chicago will publish, the official record.

I wish advice (1) concerning the most desirable work on the principles of Bible inspiration, adapted to a layman; and (2) some good work on what is revealed concerning Heaven, with reasonable deductions therefrom. W. C. C.

1. The Rev. R. F. Horton's last book, "Verbum Dei." 2. See a discourse on "Questions About Heaven" in a small volume entitled "Turning-Points of Thought and Conduct." (T. Whittaker, New York.)

Please explain what possible ground there is for the following statement made by the Rev. George F. Pentecost before the Religious Parliament on the 23d of September:

"But in India among the high-caste Brahmans there are at least six hundred priestesses, and every one of them is a prostitute. [Sensation and applause.] They are prostitutes because they are priestesses, and they are priestesses because they are prostitutes. These men are here criticising Christianity. There are two or three Oriental bubbles floating over Chicago for the last two or three weeks that need to be pricked. [Loud applause.]"

A. P. A.

Dr. Pentecost is a competent witness, and the statement seems to explain itself—viz., that in these cases the prostitution is regarded as an act of worship to the particular deity.

Under the head of "Notes and Queries" in The Outlook of October 14, I find a request for information regarding the lines on a tablet at the entrance of our beautiful cemetery. They come from an old poem called "Death's Sermon," by Samuel Maunder (born 1790—died 1849). The tablet was placed in the cemetery about 1860, under the direction of the late Dr. Asa Fitch, a well-known entomologist, and the author of several works on that subject, who resided at Fitch's Point, about three miles south of the village, and was for many years President of the Cemetery Association. He found the poem in a quaint volume called "Death's Doings," "compiled to illustrate thirty plates by Richard Dagley." Dr. Fitch made some extracts from the poem, and a few changes, which were immaterial, as may be seen by comparing the lines on the tablet with those appended here, which were taken from the original volume. The Lenox Library of New York owns a copy of the book, which is now very rare, and another is in the Bancroft Public Library at Salem, N. Y., which, though a library young in years, is fortunate in possessing quite a number of valuable books belonging to the literature of times long past, as well as a very excellent modern collection. The lines in the original, date of 1828, are:

"See what a motley and incongruous heap
In undistinguish'd fellowship are here!
The head which once a proud tiara wore,
Unconscious rests upon a ploughman's cheek,
And that which, animate, promulged the law,
Serves as a pillow for a felon's skull.
Huge legs, that once with sinews strong were braced,
And arms gigantic, that, encas'd in steel,
Wielded the sword or rais'd the massive shield,
Now rest in quiet with the stripling's limbs,
Or relics sad of beauty's fragile form.
And where's the difference now?—What boots it, then,
To know the deeds or qualities of either?
Rank, honours, fortune, strength Herculean,
Fame, birthright, beauty, valor, or renown,
What trace is left of ye? What *now* denotes
Th' imperial ruler from the meanest boor,
The recreant coward from the hero brave?
Here all contentions cease. The direst foes
Together meet, their feuds forever past;
No burnings of the heart, no envious sneers,
No covert malice here, or open brawls
Annoy. All strife is o'er. The creditor
His debtor no more sues; for here all debts
Are paid—save that great debt incurred by sin,
Which, when the final day of reckoning shall
Arrive, cancelled will be, or paid in full."

M. R. A.

Salem, N. Y.

Will some one kindly tell me the author of the poem beginning with the lines—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone"? L. J. P.

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Financial

Of the $43,000,000 Clearing-House certificates which have been issued to the banks during the past six months, not one remains out; the last of them were canceled during the past week. We mention this fact because there has been no evidence of such withdrawal and cancellation in the conditions or workings of the money market, nothing to indicate contraction, and no inconvenience of any sort caused by this movement. The $52,013,450 of surplus reserve now held by the banks has accumulated within the past two months or little more, during the time that the Clearing-House certificates have been in process of withdrawal. This abnormal accumulation can clearly be attributed to two causes—first, to the curtailment of business in all lines, all over the country; second, to the $58,000,000 of gold which has come from abroad since July 1, mostly in response to the premium which was paid on currency during the time of the money crisis. The banks in the central cities have gradually drawn in this gold on deposit, and hold it in their vaults now. The United States Treasury has added to its gold reserve some $3,000,000 during the week past, and has now, in round numbers, $84,000,000 in place of $81,000,000 last week; this addition has been made partly through payment of Custom-House duties and partly in exchange of currency with the banks for bank gold holdings. If the Treasury had currency now, it could get all the gold of the banks wanted to make its reserve up to the $100,000,000 mark. The trouble with the Government reserve is that it is being rapidly depleted by a growing deficit in its revenue receipts. This deficit reached $6,000,000 or more for the month of October. The hope is, now that the repeal of the purchasing clause in the Sherman Act has been effected, that the Government revenue will begin to increase with an increase in the business of the country, especially in the imports which furnish customs duties. It may be, as has been predicted, that this increase will come in time to avoid taking extraordinary measures to replenish the Government treasury, and that no bonds will have to be negotiated; but this remains to be seen. If there had been an earlier repeal of the bill, there would hardly be a doubt of a large expansion of both domestic and foreign trade, but the action of the Senate has come so tardily that much disappointment will be felt as to results.

The gold importation which was initiated last week, of which we made note, has been continued on a small scale, and there is now nearly $2,000,000 of the yellow metal on the way over here. At the close of the week some heavy purchases of our shares by the London market took place, resulting in a weakening of sterling exchange rates to a point which suggests the renewal of gold imports on a larger scale. The expectation on the other side is that the movement will be large, but it depends somewhat on the magnitude of foreign purchases made of our securities. Some negotiations of good bonds are going on with London capitalists from here, which will certainly create fresh sterling bills for negotiation. The earnings of railways are not showing up so badly as they were expected to do, in net results for August and September; and the gross current earnings on the Granger roads are better than had been anticipated. St. Paul shows an increase for the month of October of $205,038, and Rock Island an increase for the same time of $228,084. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy yearly statement of earnings to June 30, the end of its fiscal year, shows earnings for the stock of 5.93 per cent.; the Company pays 5 per cent. per annum. St. Paul shows 5.92 per cent. earned on its common stock after paying 7 per cent. on its preferred. The stock and bond markets have not responded to the repeal of the silver-purchasing act, but, on the contrary, a good deal of realizing has been going on. It is believed, however, that when the magnitude of the importance of this repeal is realized on the other side, a buying movement will set in from there, and that we on this side will also feel the stimulus. Prices have declined some four or five per cent. under the pressure of this realization, caused, in part, by the weakness of some of the large holders of stocks who have taken greater risks than they could father.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$5,058,500
Specie, increase	552,000
Legal tenders, increase	6,211,700
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Some Anecdotes of Artists

There is probably no profession in the whole range of human effort in which more eccentric things are done by its followers than in that of the painter. The following stories culled from various sources indicate the truth of this assertion, and will be found amusing as well:

Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his, when he fell into a brown-study.

"What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist.

"What sort of yellow?"

Just then a cab drove past.

"The very thing!" the painter gasped out. "Stop! stop!"

"I am engaged," the cabby replied, without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit, and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said, in tones of entreaty, to the passenger inside:

"Do please tell your driver to stop; I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color-merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck; Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liège."

Another artist, celebrated in his day as a successful painter of portraits, while making a counterfeit presentment of a lady, perceived that when he came to draw the mouth she tried to render it smaller by contracting her lips.

"Pray do not trouble yourself so much, madam," he exclaimed. "If you like, I will draw your face without any mouth at all."

A somewhat eccentric individual was the Flemish painter Craasbeck, of whom it is told that once, fearing that his wife had ceased to love him, and anxious to discover if his fears were founded on fact, he resolved upon an extraordinary test. He tore his blouse from his chest and painted just above his heart a very vivid representation of a wound. He then painted his lips and cheeks so that they presented a ghastly aspect, covered his palette-knife and his garments with spots of red paint, gave a shriek, and fell to the floor as if dead. The test was successful. Madame Craasbeck, hearing the shriek, rushed into the room, and, supposing that her husband had been killed or had killed himself, gave way to what was to the supposed victim on the floor a series of very gratifying outbursts of grief. What the lady said when her lord and master sat up and informed her that he was only shamming, history does not record; but if she failed to go from one extreme to the other and give him a round scolding, she certainly missed a great opportunity, and showed herself a woman of marvelous self-control.—*Harper's Young People.*

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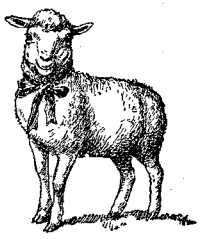

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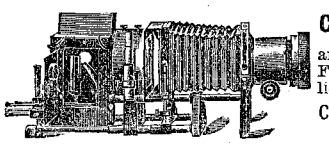

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About People

—To Professor Virchow has been assigned the task of determining whether or not a skull recently unearthed in Greece is that of Sophocles.

—Miss Ray Frank, of Oakland, Cal., is to be ordained soon as a rabbi of the Jewish Church, and will be the first of her sex, it is said, to occupy such a position. She has been studying at the California State University, and at the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati.

—Lieutenant Horatio N. Crane, the oldest surviving member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts, has just entered on his ninetieth year. He was born in Boston October 27, 1803, and joined the "Ancients" forty-eight years ago. In 1854 he was elected a second lieutenant, and twenty years later a first lieutenant.

—The great musician, Gounod, who died lately, used to say: "When I was very young I spoke always of myself alone. I condescended after a few years to add Mozart, and to say, 'I and Mozart.' It so happened, however, that, after studying a little more, I thought I had better say, 'Mozart and I.' Now what I say is 'Mozart.'"

—Bismarck's private physician, Dr. Schwenninger, has written an article in which he severely criticises and condemns various modern fads, such as vegetarianism, the all-wool and all-cotton doctrines, the Kneipp cure, and the "Schwenninger cure." He explains that the "cure" named after him is "in every sense a clever swindle;" that it is a misleading generalization of methods and practices which he does indeed recommend in individual cases, but does not consider adapted to different persons without important individual variations.

—Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," passed his eighty-fifth birthday recently at his home in Newton Center, Mass., near Boston. He is active and alert, and feels the burden of his advanced age little. He visited the World's Fair during the early summer. Since his return from his long trip abroad, ten years ago, Dr. Smith has been actively engaged in literary pursuits and religious work. He has continued to preach, supplying vacant churches in neighboring Massachusetts towns.

—"Madam Sarah Grand's" real name is Mrs. McFall. A London correspondent of the Boston "Transcript" says that "she has reasons, which have helped sadden her and mold her opinions, for abandoning that name." She is described as a slender, graceful young woman, possibly about thirty, with a long, oval, sensitive face, pale but radiant with intellect. Her hair is brown and her eyes are "of so indescribable a shade as to be additionally fascinating." Her voice is low and sweet, and her talk original and delightful. The author of "The Heavenly Twins" began to write at seventeen, and put her first novel on paper at Singapore. She found great pleasure in the work, but it did not even occur to her to try to publish it. She has just begun another book, but, as she writes slowly, she does not expect to complete it for two years to come. She lives in the country and loves it.

Too Clever!

An entertaining writer in the Contributors' Club in the November "Atlantic" pleads "Against Being Clever:"

"In literature, still more in conversation, cleverness often takes the trivial form of expressing some commonplace thought in big language, thus raising an amusing contrast between the idea and the words. This was a favorite practice with Dickens. Here is an illustration, though not perhaps a very good one, from a contemporary writer: 'When we reflect on the dismal fate of Uriel Freudenberger, condemned by the canton of Uri to be burnt alive in 1760 for rashly proclaiming his disbelief in the legend of William Tell's apple, we realize the inconveniences attendant on a too early development of the critical faculty.' This is very good in its way, but one can easily get a surfeit of the trick. There are people, Boston-bred people especially, whose whole idea of conversation is to manufacture little verbal sweetmeats like the foregoing specimen, and hand them to you with a pleased smile. Ah, the ennui, the fatigue, the despair, that I have suffered at their hands! They are brilliant—I acknowledge it; they have brains; they outshine me; perhaps, indeed, I am envious of their talents. Nevertheless, I can lay my hand upon my heart and declare that it is not envy, but resentment, that moves my pen against them. The great fault that I find with clever people is this: they do not help us to get 'forrard;' there is nothing to be learned from them, nothing to be got out of them.

"All mankind may be divided into two classes: (1) those from whom ideas or facts can be derived; (2) those from whom neither ideas nor facts can be derived. Of course this division is supplemental to the still more important one which depends upon the affections. The chief use of human beings to one another is to supply an object upon which affection can be bestowed, and from which it may be received. For this purpose do we have wives, husbands, children, lovers, and the like. Some persons maintain dogs, and some cats, for the same reason. But, apart from this relation, the most important use that one has for human beings—at least I find it so—is as feeders for the mind. A man is like a book—to be read, and then either to be put back on the shelf for future reading, if he deserves it, or, as is more likely, to be got rid of; not rudely, of course, but gently, and with due consideration for his feelings.

"There are certain men—to know them is a great privilege—whom you cannot open at random, so to say, without finding a jewel; men in whose company one never spends half an hour without hearing something to remember for a lifetime. But how few they are! As I look back, I count in my own experience only five such. They are as follows: a poet and patriot; an admiral in the United States navy; a preacher and writer; a lawyer; a young fellow who wrote squibs and verses for the magazines and papers. This completes my list, unless I should add to it, as I might not unreasonably, a littérateur who died, indirectly, of drink. Samuel Rogers declared, toward the end of his life, that he had learned far more from men than from books; but his list of friends and acquaintance held such names as Fox, Burke, Grattan, Porson, Tooke, Talleyrand, Erskine, Sir Walter Scott, and the Duke of Wellington."

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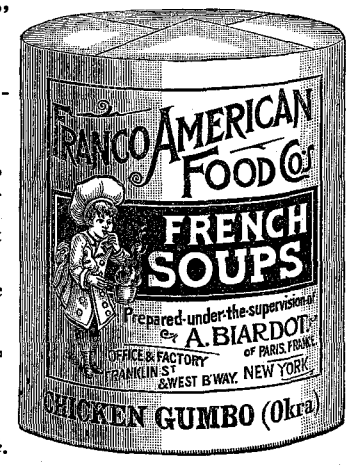
One day a gentleman travelling with his servant stopped at an old fashioned Inn and ordered two boiled eggs for his Lunch.

"The broth," said he, "will make a Soup for my servant."

"It will not be very rich, Sir," objected the waitress.

"Well," he answered, "add another egg, I can eat three."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For the season 1893–4 this Association will present to its members and the public a course of lectures on the general subject, "Life and the Conditions of Survival: The Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology, and Religion." The lectures are to be printed, and advance subscriptions will be received at $1 for the volume. The Association's meeting-place is at the Second Unitarian Church, corner of Clinton and Congress Streets, Brooklyn. The topics of the lectures are as follows:

Cosmic Evolution, as Related to Ethics, by Dr. Lewis G. Janes, President of the Association. October 29, 1893.
Solar Energy, by Mr. A. Emerson Palmer. November 12.
The Atmosphere, by Dr. Robert G. Eccles. November 26.
Water, by Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph.D. December 10.
Food, by Professor W. O. Atwater. December 24.
Structural Variations, by Professor E. D. Cope. January 14, 1894.
Locomotion, by Dr. Martin L. Holbrook. January 28.
Labor as a Factor in Evolution, by Dr. David A. Gorton. February 11.
Protective Covering, by Mrs. Lizzie Cheney Ward. February 25.
Shelter, by Mr. Z. Sidney Sampson. March 11.
Habit, by the Rev. John W. Chadwick. March 25.
Sanitation, by Mr. James A. Skilton. April 8.
Philanthropy, by the Rev. John C. Kimball. April 22.
Religion, by the Rev. Edward P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," etc. April 29.

These lectures will be repeated in New York City, on Sunday evenings succeeding the dates above given, at the Church of the Messiah, Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue.

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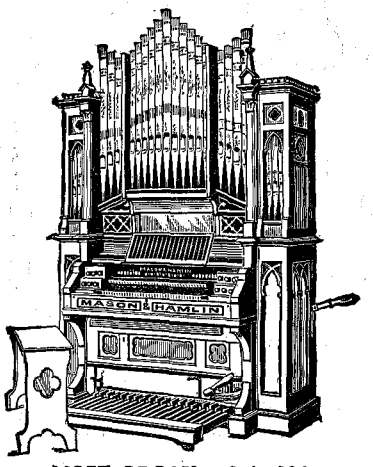

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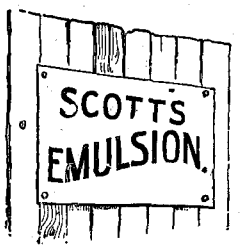

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By Dr. B. W. Hair's Asthma Cure and Catarrh Specific. Only known unfailing permanent cure.
I send treatise free. **B. W. Hair, Cincinnati, O.**

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Some Newspaper English

A young man, desiring to become a reporter on the daily press, received the following suggestions from an old-timer to whom he applied for professional tips.

"In rescuing drowning men, it must always be when they are going down for the third time. No case is on record of a rescue when the sufferer was going down the first time.

"When a gentleman gives a bank-note it must always be a 'crisp' five-dollar or ten-dollar one.

"Thuds are of two descriptions, the 'dull' and the 'sickening.'

"Of course every writer knows that fire must always be mentioned as the 'devouring element.'

"What 'wildfire' is no one exactly knows, but when anything spreads rapidly, remember it 'spreads like wildfire.'

"Flags, especially political ones, must always be 'flung to the breeze,' no matter whether there is any breeze or not; fling it —do not unfurl it.

"If you can manage to get an assault, a dog-fight, and a burglary all into one column, do it, for it will secure the alliterative scarehead of 'A Carnival of Crime.'

"Speaking of winning or losing money, it must always be a 'cool' 500 or 5,000. However heated the struggle, the amount must always be 'cool.'

"Always remember that a man is 'launched into eternity,' not hanged at a certain time.

"When a person after an accident is found to be dead, it is best not to say so, but that 'the vital spark has fled.'

"Speeches on the political side which your paper advocates should always be 'ringing' speeches."—*Boston Bulletin.*

Historic Houses

Now that "The Terrace" in Kensington is down or doomed, says the London "Westminster Gazette," it seems every house in it once sheltered a celebrity. And yet scarcely any one knew anything about it. It is always the way with historic houses. The "link with the past" paragraph is the first intimation that the past was memorable. When the interest is with us, we don't know it. The Society of Arts has indeed singled out and decorated certain houses—Walpole's, in Arlington Street; Dryden's, in Gerrard Street; Mrs. Siddons's, at the top of Baker Street; Louis Napoleon's, in King Street; Thackeray's, in Palace Green—but we want many more to be ascertained and notified.

The house where Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair" is said still to stand in Young Street. One of Dickens's last residences is opposite the Marble Arch; the house where Goldsmith lived and died is in Brick Court, Temple; Charles Wesley's house and William Blake's house can yet be identified. While we have these we don't value them; we don't care to identify them. But when the navvy comes with his basket and his pickax, the "link with the past" paragraph goes its round.

In other capitals the great man's memory runs no risk. In Rome there is a marble plaque on the house Sir Walter Scott occupied; in Genoa, on O'Connell's hotel; in Florence, on Mrs. Browning's casa; in Frankfort, on Mozart's lodgings in the Zeil. And yet these are the several recognitions of a foreign interest. We cannot even appreciate our own. The truth is, this duty should devolve upon a responsible and continuing body, the Board of Works or the County Council, and not be left to the voluntary effort of a private association like the Society of Arts.

Life on a Light-Ship

Talk about rolling and pitching! No vessel rolls, pitches, and plunges like a light-ship. Its anchors hold it firm to the shock of the waves. There is no yielding, no graceful swaying to the swelling of the seas. There are days, too, when a fierce fog-horn torments the ear with a noise such as Nature in her angriest moods never invented. There is always a glare of light at night. There is no constant expectation of reaching port, and life soon becomes a dreary monotony.

In case the light-ship should be cast adrift, it has been fitted with sails which will enable it to hold its own in storm and stress. The hold is fitted with spacious storerooms and sleeping-quarters, and a machine for compressing the air which blows the fog-horn. These fog-horns are what are known in this country as "siren" whistles. They are called sirens probably because that is what they least resemble. They begin their noise with a very low note, and rise rapidly in a sliding scale to a very thin high note that distresses the ear. Then they descend to the low note, and up and down in rapid succession the shrieking, demonlike noises race. One French writer has said that the possibilities of this fog-horn are such that he wonders that some music-leader has not introduced it in the orchestra when the Wagner operas are played. A compressed-air trumpet, he thinks—and it is just possible that there may be a little national prejudice in his opinion—would go well with mythological characters and dragons and unearthly storms and noises. This writer says the fog-horn is simply a "terrible instrument," and therefore in time the Wagnerians must adopt it. A big bell is placed on the ship for use in case the fog-horn should break down or scare itself useless.—*Harper's Young People.*

Hideous Advertisements

It is said that a salmon, when quite devoid of appetite, may be worried into taking a fly, if only flies be presented to him with irritating pertinacity. "Hang it!" he exclaims, "I cannot be troubled with this Jock Scott any longer"—he makes an irritable snap at it, and is lost.

Possibly in the same way persons are driven nearly wild by seeing this or that commodity thrust on their notice in railway stations, in trains, in the streets, in the fields, on the top of Ben Macdhui. They may purchase a sample in despair, may like it and go on using it. This may be the theory of frantic and hideous advertisements, but, on the whole, it might seem more likely to work its own destruction. —*Saturday Review.*

You may be an excellent servant in many ways, but you say you don't use **Pearline** for washing and cleaning —you can't be bright. My poor girl, soap takes up your time and wears out the things with the rubbing. No, you're not bright enough for me." Well, the lady is bright, to say the least. Evidently she has had the best of teachers —experience. Have you? "Yes!"—then you use **Pearline**. "No!"—then you had best begin at once. Ask some friend about **Pearline**. 393

Get Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys; they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are clear, transparent, not misty. Look at your chimney. How much of the light is lost in the fog?

Be willing to pay a little more.

Pittsburgh. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

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We offer in this department complete lines of the leading shades and styles of Glacé, Suede, Piqué, Heavy Cape, and Reindeer Gloves, from the following celebrated makers.

XAVIER JOUVIN

Jouvin Cie, Dent, Allcroft & Co., Perrin Frères, and Fisk, Clark & Flagg—for Men, Women, and Children.

We call special attention to our Wool and Fleece-lined gloves and mittens; also Angora Fur Gloves, mittens, and armlets.

All the above at lowest prices. Information about styles, colors, and prices will be sent on request.

James McCreery & Co.

Broadway & 11th Street

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All the Family Use

Comfort Powder

Because it heals all skin affections.

Cures Itching, Eczema, Erysipelas, Chafing, Bed Sores, A Chafing Baby, Tender Feet, Irritation under Truss, Burns. It ensures a Clear Complexion.

Send 4c. in stamps for sample. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, postage paid.

COMFORT POWDER CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Use COMFORT SOAP for Hands and Complexion, 25c.

SUBSCRIBERS' WANTS

Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

PAULINE JOHNSON, a Canadian Mohawk Indian, with a high literary and elocutionary reputation, will give Recitals of her own poems before Indian Associations in Boston and vicinity, week of December 4. Any church or society wishing to secure an evening should apply to FRANK YEIGH, Toronto, Canada, for illustrated circulars and terms. References: Erastus Wiman, New York; Rev. Robert Cameron, Chelsea, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE LESSONS given by the specialist in letter-writing of Chautauqua University in friendly, business, and diplomatic letters and society notes. Address F. B. CALLAWAY, 147 West 61st St., New York.

WANTED—By a refined widow lady, a position as lady's companion and attendant. Willing to assist in light housekeeping. Reference. Address, stating salary C., No. 5,411, care The Outlook Co., Astor Place, N. Y.

PLEASANT HOME AND CHRISTIAN TRAINING for two or three little girls at the Elderage, New Haven, Conn. The Misses BANGS, Prins.

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Sermons and Sermons

I confess, says "Ex-Diplomat" in the "Tribune," after referring to a sermon in St. Paul's of inordinate length, that I have never experienced sermons of such length as this in Europe, but I have in Egypt, Ceylon, China, and Japan. In all three latter countries, however, the priests of the Buddhist and Shinto faiths are imbued with the predominant principle that it is not necessary for a preacher to bore his congregation into virtue, but rather to endeavor to interest and even amuse the members of his flock, with the object of inducing them to become regular attendants at the temple. The result is that the discourses are enlivened with jokes, sometimes of quite coarse nature, and by pointed applications to members of the congregation. Moreover, during the progress of the sermons that I had the opportunity of hearing in the great Buddhist temples of Shibba and Nikko, in Japan, both the preacher and the congregation were repeatedly refreshed with cups of tea, while everybody, men, women, children, and priest, smoked till the air was thick with tobacco-fumes. This, of course, tended to keep the congregation in an amiable frame of mind, and as such more ready to take to heart the doctrines and recommendations of the preacher.

It is impossible to deny that tobacco is conducive to calm reflection and good temper, and although nowadays we find members of church congresses in Europe and America arguing that it is wrong for ecclesiastics to smoke, yet our clergy in the last century were so thoroughly alive to the advantages of the herba nicotina, from a religious point of view, that they used to smoke, not only out of church, but even in the pulpit. Thus, Launcelot Blackburn, Lord Archbishop of York and Primate of England, is on record as having interrupted his sermon, on the occasion of his holding a confirmation at St. Mary's, Nottingham, to order the church-wardens to bring up fresh pipes and a supply of tobacco to the pulpit. Dean Swift used to smoke throughout his entire sermon, occasionally refreshing himself with a glass of port, while Bishop Duncan of Dundee is described as being so avaricious that he was wont to make a practice of coming to church without his tobacco-pouch, and then, after ascending the pulpit, of inquiring who among the congregation would be willing to accommodate him with theirs. It is from those days, too, that date those delightful old-fashioned pews in the English country churches, fitted up with curtains, cushions, fireplaces, pokers, and tongs, where the squires slept and smoked away the entire length of the sermon.

"Another glass," as the Rev. Dr. Barrow remarked each time that he turned upside down the hour-glass on his pulpit during his three-hour sermon before the Lord Mayor. Why should the pulpit be retained as part and parcel of the furniture of our churches? A sermon is far more impressive when preached from the altar steps than when delivered from a pulpit, which, no matter how beautiful the carvings by which it is adorned, can never under any circumstances add to the impressiveness of the discourse. Pulpits, indeed, should have no place in Christian churches, as they are of Mahometan origin, the earliest examples recorded being the tubs fastened upon tops of poles, forming the sort of crow's nest from which the ulema of Mecca and of Cairo were wont to address the followers of the Prophet that thronged the mosques every Friday. Curiously enough, they have now been abandoned by the Mahometans, except in a few isolated cases, and are only to be found in Christian churches. The Japanese and Chinese priests whose sermons I have heard likewise dispensed with pulpits, preaching from behind a table holding the rolls of the sacred books, and seated in those high, back-breaking arm-chairs that adorn every Buddhist temple.

The Heroic Hen

In the western part of Massachusetts, says a contributor of the "Churchman," a man had a fine stock farm; that is, a farm for raising cows and horses. But a few weeks ago a fire broke out in the barn, and burned not only the building and the hay, but most of the animals also. After the fire, the owner walked over the ruins. It was a sad sight to see the charred bodies of his fine Jersey cows and his high-spirited horses, to say nothing of the money lost with them. But at the end of the barn he saw a sight which touched him more than all the rest. There sat an old black hen. He wondered that she did not move her head to look at him as he came near her, but he thought she must be asleep. He poked her with his cane, and to his surprise the wing which he touched fell into ashes. Then he knew that she had been burned to death. But out from under her came a faint little peep, and, pushing her aside with his cane, the man found—what do you think?—ten little live yellow chickens! The poor hen had sacrificed her own life to save them, and had held her place in the fire as Casabianca held his on the burning deck. That sight touched the man more than everything else, and he has to own that his eyes grew a little more moist than usual.

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EXPLANATION RELATING TO OUR DRY MORTAR

Within the past three or four years we have made and sold about a million and a half barrels of our wall material known as KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT, with which masons have mixed their *own* sand; but, finding that in some instances they have disregarded our directions as to the *amount* and *quality* of sand to be used with it, and not being thus able to guarantee results without having control of the *quantity* and *quality* of this essential ingredient, we have, therefore, recently established in connection with our Mills an extensive SAND PLANT, and now incorporate with our famous cement not only a *suitable quality* but *correct quantity* of the best selected, silicious, sharp bank sand, being itself first systematically treated—that is, thoroughly *screened*, *washed*, and *kiln-dried*—thus providing a *reliable* and *perfect* wall material, ready for use, except the addition of water by the plasterer—and this is our WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR.

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By this method, together with accurately proportioning all the ingredients (by automatic weighing of the same), we are now fully enabled to control the *proportion*, *quantity*, and *quality*, and *homogeneous incorporation* of *all* the materials, and thereby to guarantee perfect Walls and Ceilings.

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The Indispensable Requisites in the Production of Wall Plaster, of whatever nature, are: 1st, suitable *quality* and *preparation* of the materials, especially the *sand*; 2d, proper *proportions* of the ingredients; and 3d, thorough and homogeneous *mixing* of the same. Neither of these requisites are or can be strictly or approximately complied with in making wall plaster by the usual means. The sand is seldom well selected, is never treated (that is, properly screened, washed, and dried); the materials are proportioned by guess, without pretension to the least accuracy, and never but partially incorporated or mixed—to do either of which by *hand labor* would be too expensive, and absolutely impossible on or at the premises where the plaster is to be used. Nothing short of an extensive plant and steam power renders it possible to produce properly made Wall Plaster, and this is why we can produce a superbly superior material for even less than a poorer article.

RELATIVE COST OF OUR CEMENT AND COMMON PLASTER

Though our material is infinitely superior to any wall plaster made of lime, hair, and sand, or other ingredients, our method of production enables us to more than compete with the cost of a fair quality of common (or any other) wall plaster, as will appear. The materials and labor for lathing, cornices, center-pieces, and finishing coat, and the labor for applying the plaster that constitutes the scratch and brown coats of given thickness, will cost the same whatever be the kind of plaster used for the *scratch* and *brown* coats; therefore, the relative cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar and Common Plaster is narrowed down to the *comparative cost of common plaster (for scratch and brown coats) stacked, wet up, and tempered, ready for the hod; and the cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar, delivered, also ready to wet up.* For comparison we will take Col. Gilmore's Formula for common plaster, which is employed for Government work and cited in Form Books as *standard:* Lime, 4 casks, at $1.10; Hair, 4 bushels, at 25 cents; Sand, 7 loads, at 75 cents; labor for mixing, stacking, and tempering, $3.75—amounting to $14.15 for 100 square yards, or 14 15/100 cents per square yard. Our material delivered at the building, at our price, $6.70 per ton (after deducting rebate for bags returned), for 62½ sq. yds. is 10 72/100 cts. per sq. yd.—showing a difference in favor of our material of 3 43/100 cts. per sq. yd. This comparison refers to ¾-inch ground work on wood lath, and holds good on all other lathing, brick walls, etc.

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